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LIFE AND BATTLES OF TOM SPRING,

THE BUTCHER.

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Spring, on Tom Cribb's retiring from the field, considered himself as the Champion; and, soon after his conquest over Oliver, in order that it might not afterwards be brought against him he had left the Prize Ring on the sly, offered, by public advertisement, March 25, 1821, a challenge to all England for three months. This challenge not having been accepted by any boxer, although he offered to fight Neat for £500 a-side, on Aug. 19, nearly five months after the period stated, he entered into articles of agreement of a more tender kind, and made a match for life, with a young lady of most respectable character and connexions in life, in Herefordshire.

Three months had elapsed in idle reports respecting another match between Spring and Neat, when the following paragraph appeared in a well-known Paper, addressed to the Fancy, which set the matter in dispute at rest:—

The great match, so "long looked-for," is made at last; and nothing else but fighting, so the Judges assert, is now meant on both sides. The stakes, although heavy, are nothing by comparison to the honour of the Championship, which this battle will decide.

The following are the articles agreed to:

"Castle Tavern, Holborn, Wednesday, March 12, 1822.

"William Neat agrees to fight Thomas Spring for £200 a-side, in a 24-feet ring, half a minute time. To be a fair stand-up fight; to take place on Tuesday, the 20th day of May. The money to be placed in the hands of Mr. Jackson. The place and distance from London to be left entirely to Mr. Jackson. An umpire to be chosen by each party, and a referee to be named on the ground. Fifty pounds a-side is now deposited in the hands of Mr. Jackson. Fifty pounds a-side more to be deposited on Monday, the 31st of March, at Mr. Belcher's, Castle Tavern; and the remainder of the stakes of £100 a-side to be completed on Monday, the 5th of May, also at Mr. Belcher's. The above stakes to be put down between the hours of eight and eleven o'clock on each evening. The above deposit, or deposits, to be forfeited, in case of either party not appearing on the specified evenings, to make the money good."

"T. Belcher" signed on the part of W. Neat; and a well-known gentleman Amateur for T. Spring.

"Witness, P. E."

Sporting Dinners.

Tom Cribb had a jolly party on Monday, 5th of May, 1822; and so had Tom Belcher. Spring was Cribb's hero; and Neat, the attractive man at the Castle Tavern. Harmony was the leading feature at both houses, although milling was the subject. The stakes were made good for £200 a-side; and were deposited in the hands of Mr. Jackson. Spring, in the course of the evening, made his bow to the company; he was well received, and his health drank with great spirit and liberality. The same compliment was also paid to Neat, notwithstanding his absence. Mr. Belcher gave up £15 to Spring, respecting Neat's forfeit at Bristol; therefore all disputes concerning money matters were settled. Spring offered to bet £100, according to Neat's challenge; but Belcher said, "he had no authority to put down any money then; however, on the morning of fighting, Neat should bet him £100." "No!" replied Spring, "I am ready to bet the £100 now; but I shall have something else to do on the morning of the fight." Both of the combatants were extremly fond of the match, and both Spring and Neat displayed the highest confidence in the event. Even betting was about the state of the thing. Spring, within the last few days, got up for choice. At Bristol, the odds were highly upon Neat.

The above pugilistic contest excited an unsual degree of interest throughout the numerous sporting circles in the Kingdom, in consequence of the repeated disappointments the Fancy had experienced, by forfeitures and other unexpected circumstances. Great doubts were also expressed up to the last moment, and several bets were likewise laid that no fight would take place between Spring and Neat. Within a few days, too, of the appointed time, some of the beaks of the counties of Berks, Wilts, and Somerset, discovered much bad taste by issuing their fakements to prevent an exhibition of this branch of the "fine arts" being displayed at any of the above places alluded to: and the above face painters were compelled, contrary to their love of good manners, to brush off *sans ceremonie*. The Fancy were thus at fault and full of grief, to ascertain the right road. Mr. Jackson's *chateau*, at Pemlico, was literally besieged by the Corinthians on the Saturday previous to the fight, May 17, 1822; and the whole of the day, his knocker was continually in motion, so great was the anxiety, and inquiries after the mill. It was more like the fate of two nations contending for glory, than a mere prize-battle between two of the best natured, harmless fellows in the kingdom. Pierce Egan's "tiny crib" had also lots of the above Cheap side customers on this occasion; and the coves of the sporting lush-cribs were likewise bored to death. Although the kids obtained their answers for nothing, the "Don't know" gave more offence than satisfaction. At length the mist was dispelled; the office given for Weyhill, Hampshire, and the mugs of the Amateurs indicated "all happiness." The inns were immediately scoured, for places by the stage-coaches; and, at peep of day, on Monday morning, the roads from Gloucester, Newbury, Winchester, Bristol, Southampton, London, &c. were covered with vehicles of every description, filled with Amateurs, rattling along to arrive in the time at the scene of action. By five o'clock in the afternoon not a bed could be procured at Andover, although a sovereign per head was offered for a snooze. The flooring system was obliged to be adopted by the hitherto down-y ones, and a carpet was considered as a great luxury, to envelope their sporting frames. The principal taverns at Andover were filled with persons of the highest quality in the kingdom; and both men and prads were obliged to put up with any shelter that could be got for them. The little towns and villages contiguous to Andover, were equally overflowing with company; and the Bonifaces, to keep in character with this fighting scene, proved themselves such "good ones," as to hit their customers so very hard, that must prevent their coming again at the nailing scratch. Thousands of kids were on the road all night. The Mayor and Corporation of Andover, it seems, were cat-wigged by a few canting Beaks, to spoil the sports of the Amateurs; which inevitably must have done the town a great injury respecting blunt matters. But it wouldn't G, and the gents alluded to possessed too much generosity to punish the peaceable inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who have to pay their rents, and raise their taxes, by depriving them of making a "little bit of money" in an honest way, when such a chance might never occur again in Hampshire. Hinkley Down, the situation where the battle took place, was delightfully picturesque. A hill at the back of the field formed an amphitheatre, not unlike Epsom Races, and upwards of thirty thousand spectators had a fine view of the fight, and amongst them numerous well-dressed females. So many swells were never before seen round the ring; which, was under the superintendence of Mr. Jackson. At one o'clock, Tuesday, May 20, 1822, Neat, arm-in-arm with his backer, Mr. Harrison, and Belcher, followed by Harmer, threw up his hat in the ring, amidst thunders of applause. About ten minutes afterwards Spring with his backer, Mr. Sant, and Painter, appeared, Cribb waiting for them. Spring very coolly walking up to the ropes, and dropped his beaver within them. He then shook hands with Neat, saying, "I hope you are well." "I am very well, thank you, I hope you are," was the reply of Neat. Spring was rather the favourite, for choice, on the ground, and rather the best in condition. The colours, an orange-yellow for Neat, were tied to the stakes by Belcher; the blue for Spring, placed over them by Tom Cribb. Previous to the commencement of the battle, Mr. Jackson entered the ring, and thus addressed the spectators:—Gentlemen, I have to inform you, that no person but the Umpires and Referee can be stationed close to the ropes; I have therefore to request, that every gentleman will retire to some distance from the ring; and also, if necessity requires it, to give me your assistance to keep the ground clear, to prevent confusion, and to have a fair fight. I have refused to be Referee, that I may walk about and attend to the ring." (Bravo and applause.) This address had the desired effect: the gentlemen retired to their places, and the good consequences of which were that every individual had an uninterrupted view of the fight, and not the slightest disorder occurred.

First Round. Everything being arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, the office was given for peeling. The interesting moment had now arrived; all doubts and fears as to a fight were at an end: and the aspiring daring, ambition of Spring to obtain the Championship was about to be put to the test. The hands had also been crossed and shaken together, in token that no animosity existed between the parties: Glory hovered over their heads: Victory was alike in view; and the heroes wooing their smiles, were stripped for action. Herfordshire bidding high for the Prize; but Bristol making sure of winning it. To describe the intense interest portrayed by this vast assemblage, on Neat and Spring placing themselves in attitude, is impossible. The sight was beautiful. Something after the generosity of courage displayed by those celebrated Heroes of Antiquity, Ajax and Hector:—

"Hector! approach my arm, and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe,
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more—be sudden and begin the fight.
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms;
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war;
To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,
And bear thick battles on my sounding shield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow,
I steal no conquest from a noble foe."

Spring was as fine as a star; as strong as an ox; light and active as a deer; and confident as a lion. His condition was tip-top; and, in truth, he could not have been better. Spring weighed 13st. 3lb. The person of Neat was equally an object of admiration: his partisans were highly delighted with his appearence, and his fram was pronounced to have fully answered the good effects of training. Indeed, two finer young men could not have been opposed to each other; or a more equal match made; Neat having slightly the advantage in weight over his rival. Spring, cool, collected, firm, and confident, appeared at the scratch, to meet his renowned and formidable opponent, who had obtained so much notoriety by his conquest over the late terrific Gas-light man. Neat, equally confident; nay, more, if his countenance bespoke his mind, thinking it presumption for any boxer on the list to dispute his right to the enviable title of Champion, showed at the mark, ready to dismiss his adversary by one hit for the temerity he had thus shown. A long pause of two minutes occurred in looking at each other: dodging about for two minutes longer: Spring let fly his left hand, but no mischief was done. Neat missed the body of his opponent with his right hand, which Spring stopped in great style. (Applause from all parts of the ring.) A pause. Neat again attempted his favourite slaughtering hit, which Spring parried, smiling and nodding at his opponent. (Loud shouts of approbation from the spectators.) Spring put down his hands, but Neat did not avail himself of this chance. Spring immediately made himself up in one of the finest attitudes for administering punishment ever witnessed, and endeavoured to plant a hit with his right hand, which Neat stopped in the most scientific manner. (The Bristolians shouting in turn, "Bravo, Neat!" and, in fact, applause from all parts of the ring.) Neat missed the body of Spring with his left hand. Spring now went to work, some blows were exchanged, but Spring's hits were so severe on his opponent's nob, that he turned round. ("What do you think of that ere for light hitting?" a Cockney cove observed to a Bristol man who sat close to him.) They followed each other over the ring, when Spring, in retreating from some well-meant heavy blows, got into a corner close against the stake, feeling with his heel whereabouts he was situated; (Now's the time," says Tom Belcher;) but the defensive position of Spring was so excellent, that he was not to be got at without great danger to Neat; which the latter perceiving, did not go near enough to do anything like terrific execution. Spring fought his way out *a la Randall*; a close ensued, when Neat had nearly got Spring off his legs: but, in struggling for the throw, Spring with the utmost dexterity turned Neat over in his arms, sent him on the ground, falling upon him. Between nine and ten minutes had elapsed. The chaff-cutters from the long town were now roaring with delight: "Spring for ever: for anything; he can fight for a day and a night into the bargain." to four for Herefordshire.

Second.—The superiority displayed by Spring in the preceding round, rather alarmed the backers of Neat. They did not expect it. The "lady's-maid fighter," as he had been libelled—the "china-man," as he had been designated—the "light tapper," as he had been termed, thus to set at defiance the slaughtering hitter Neat; nay, more, to turn the scales, and take the lead of him, operated rather different from a favorable omen to their feelings. A long pause occurred between the combatants. Spring stood as firm as a rock, Neat not being able to get at him. The latter, however, endeavored to plant a hit, but it fell short. Both of the men now made themselves up for mischief, and counter-hits passed between them. Spring's right hand put in so severe a blow over Neat's eye that the claret followed it instantly. Spring exclaimed, "First blood, Neat." This touch confused the Bristol hero a little, but he tried to give his opponent a heavy blow, which fell short; and Spring, in return, gave him so sharp a nobber, that Neat looked round, and was nearly going down.—[Disapprobation.] The latter collected himself together, and showed fight; when Spring fought his way into a close, fibbed Neat with the utmost ease, and sent him down. The applause here was like a roar of artillery. Two to one, and "Neat has no chance—it's all up with him." Spring, while sitting on his second's knee, observed to Painter, smiling, "It is as right as the day; I would not take £100 to £1, and stand it—he can't hit me in a week."

Third.—The only chance now left to save a transfer of the Bristolians' blunt to the Metropolitan kids, it should seem, was one of those silencing hits by which Neat had acquired his milling fame, or rather of steam-engine power, to be planted on the nob of Spring, so as to spoil his science, reduce his confidence, and ultimately to take the fight out of him! All the peepers of the backers of Neat were on the stretch, in anxious expectation to see the slogger put in which was to relieve their fears, and produce a change in their favor. Shyness on both sides. Spring endeavoured to plant a heavy right-handed hit, which Neat stopped cleverly. [Great applause, and "Well done, Neat." The latter smiled at this success, and Spring also observed, "Well stopped!"] Rather a long pause. The toes of the combatants were close together, and Spring not to be gammoned off his guard. Some blows were at length exchanged, and Spring received so heavy a hit on his kidneys, that his face for the instant bespoke great pain, and his arms also dropped a little. But, in closing, Spring had decidedly the advantage; and, in going down, Neat undermost. [The Springers were now as gay as larks; offering to back young Winter to any amount.]

Fourth.—Neat, instead of going up and fighting at the head of his opponent, where, at least, he might have had a chance of planting some of his tremendous blows, never showed any signs of going in to fight. Standing off to a superior, fine scienced boxer like Spring, almost reduced it to a certainty, that in the event he must be beaten. In this character as a smashing pugilist, his feature ought to have been to have attempted to smash his leary opponent. He could not get an opening at his length to put in any effective blows; in fact, he could not break through the guard of Spring. Neat endeavored to plant a severe blow, which Spring stopped with the utmost ease. [Great applause; and "you'll break his heart, Tom, if you go on that way."] Neat missed the body of Spring with his left hand. [Laughing, and "It's of no use!" from the crowd.] A short rally near the ropes, in which Spring had the best of it, and, in struggling for the throw, Neat experienced a tremendous fall, added to the whole weight of Spring on his body.]—Shouting like thunder from a body of thirty-thousand persons, all expressing their approbation.] The Tattersalites were now laughing with glee that all their heavy bets were secure; the Corinthians praising the science displayed by Spring; the Herefordshire "souls" priding themselves on their countryman, the Cockneys on the right side of the question, forgetting the expenses of their journey, and the nailing of the inns; the pretty "petticoat visitors," who were on the hills enjoying the manly scene, waving their handkerchiefs, intimating, "that none but the brave deserve the fair!" In short, every thing bore the aspect of "happiness" admidst this vast conglomeration of people, saving the indexes of the Bristolians, whose mugs exhibited a sort of rainbow appearance; but blue was the predominant color.

Fifth.—Owing to the severe fall which Neat experienced in the last round, he attributes losing the fight. Neat informed Belcher, (while sitting on Harmer's knee) that his arm was broken, but it was previously evident to every disinterested spectator, that Neat had not a shadow of chance—his nose bleeding, and his face punished. Neat made another stop, when some blows where exchanged, and a slight rally took place, and Neat broke away. The latter gave Spring a hit, and was going down, but he resumed his attitude. [Disapprobation.] Spring, to make all safe, was in no hurry to go to work, and another pause ensued. Neat, as he was in the act of falling, received a hit, when Spring added another one on his back. The umpires called out to Belcher, and told him, "It was a stand up fight; and Neat must take care what he was about."

"I assure you, gentlemen, replied" Mr. Jackson, "Neat received a blow." Here Martin offered in a very loud manner that he would bet £1000 to £100 [illegible] ing. During this round, Belcher [illegible] ne to the extremity of the rope, and, in a low tone of voice, told Mr. Jackson Neat's arm was broken. "I perceive it," replied Mr. J. "but I shall not notice it to the other side."

Sixth.—Neat hit short at Spring's body with his left hand, holding his right in a very different position from the mode when the battle commenced. The Bristol hero was piping, and his tongue rapidly passing in and out of his mouth, betraying symptoms of great distress. Neat, however, gave a bodier to his opponent, and he also made a good stop. But in a rally he received several blows, and ultimately went down.

Seventh.—Spring was as fresh as if he had not been fighting; and although it was now a guinea to a shilling, and no chance of losing, yet Spring was as careful as if he had a giant before him. The latter got away from a blow. "We can fight for a week in that manner," said Belcher, "Yes," said Painter: "but we have got the general." Neat received a severe hit on his head, and he fell down on his knees. The shouts for joy from the partisans of Spring, and the roars of approbation from the spectators in general, beggared description.

Eighth, and last.—Neat endeavored to plant a heavy blow on the body of Spring, but the latter jumped away as light as a cork. A pause. Spring was satisfied he had won the battle; and, therefore, determined not to give his opponent the slightest chance towards obtaining victory. Spring put in a hit on Neat's face; and when the latter returned, he again got away. In an exchange of blows, Neat was hit down. When time was called, Neat got up and shook hands with Spring, and said his arm was broken, and he could not fight any more. The battle was at an end in thirty-seven minutes.

To be continued.

From Bell's Life, Dec. 25.

New Rules of the Ring.

The following are the new rules of the Ring, as revised by the general meeting of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association, on Wednesday week:—

1. That the ring shall be made on turf, and shall be four-and-twenty feet square, formed of eight stakes and ropes, the latter extending in double lines, the uppermost line being four feet from the ground, and the lower two feet from the ground. That in the centre of the ring a mark be formed, to be termed a scratch; and that at two opposite corners, as may be selected, spaces be enclosed by other marks sufficiently large for the reception of the seconds and bottle-holders, to be entitled "the corners."

2. That each man shall be attended to the ring by a second and bottle-holder, the former provided with a sponge, and the latter with a bottle of water. That the combatants on shaking hands, shall retire until the seconds of each have tossed for the state of the wind or sun, and conduct his man thereto, the loser taking the opposite corner.

3. That each shall be provided with a handkerchief of a colour suitable to his own fancy, and that the seconds proceed to enterwine the handkerchiefs at the upper end of one of the centre stakes. That these handkerchiefs shall be called "the colours!" and that the winner of the battle at its conclusion shall be entitled to their possession as the trophy of victory.

4. The two umpires shall be chosen by the seconds or backers to watch the progress of the battle and take exception to any breach of the rules hereafter stated. That a referee shall be chosen by the umpires, unless otherwise agreed on, to whom all disputes shall be referred; and that the decision of this referee, whatever it may be, shall be final and strictly binding on all parties, whether as to the matter in dispute or the issue of the battle. That the umpires shall be provided with a watch, for the purpose of calling time; and that they mutually agree upon which the duty shall devolve, the call for that umpire only to be attended to, and no person whatever to interfere in calling time. That the referee shall withold all opinion till appealed to by the umpires and that the umpires strictly abide by his decision without dispute.

5. That on the men being stripped, it shall be the duty of the seconds to examine their drawers, and if any objection arise as to insertion of improper substances therein, they shall appeal to their umpires, who, with the concurrence of the referee, shall direct what alterations shall be made.

6. That for the future no spikes be used in fighting boots except those authorized by the Pugilistic Benevolent Association, which shall not exceed three eighths of an inch, from the sole of the boot, and shall not be less that one-eighth of an inch broad at the point; and it shall be in the power of the referee to alter, or file in any way he pleases, spikes which shall not accord with the above dimensions, even to fling them away altogether.

7. That both men being ready, each man shall be conducted to that side of the scratch next his corner, previously chosen; and the seconds on the one side, and the men on the other, having shaken hands, the former shall immediately return to their corners, and there remain within the prescribed marks till the round be finished, on no pretence whatever approaching their principles during the round, under a penalty of 5s for each offence, at the option of the referee. The penalty, which will be strictly enforced, to go to the funds of the association. The principal to be responsible for every fine inflicted on his second.

8. That at the conclusion of the round, when one or both of the men is down, the seconds or bottle-holders shall step forward and carry or conduct their principal to his corner, there affording him the necessary assistance, and that no person whatever be permitted to interfere in his duty.

9. That at the expiration of thirty seconds (unless otherwise agreed upon) the umpire appointed shall cry "Time," upon which each man will rise from the knee of his bottle-holder and walk to his own side of the scratch unaided, the seconds and bottle-holders remaining in their corner; and that either man failing so to be at the scratch within eight seconds shall be deemed to have lost the battle

10. That on no consideration whatever shall any person be permitted to enter the ring during the battle, nor till it shall have been concluded; and that, in the event of such unfair practice, or the ropes and stakes being disturbed or removed, it shall be in the power of the referee to award the victory to that man who, in his honest opinion, shall have the best of the contest.

11 That the seconds and bottle-holders shall not interfere, advise, or direct the adversary of their principal, and shall refrain, from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the diligent and careful discharge of their duties to their principals.

12. That in picking up their men, should the seconds or bottle-holders wilfully injure the antagonist of the principal, the latter shall be deemed to have forfeited the battle on the decision of the referee.

13. That it shall be "a fair stand-up fight," and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows shall have previously been exchanged or not, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness.

14. That butting with the head shall be deemed foul, and the party resorting to this practice shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

15. That a blow struck when a man is thrown or down shall be deemed foul. That a man with one knee and one hand on the ground, or with both knees on the ground, shall be deemed down; and a blow given in either of those positions shall be considered foul, providing always, that when in such positions, the man so down shall not himself strike or attempt to strike.

16. That a blow struck below the waistband shall be deemed foul; and that, in a close, seizing an antagonist below the waist, by the thigh, or otherwise shall be deemed foul.

17. That all attempts to inflict injury by gouging, or tearing the flesh with the fingers or nails, and biting, shall be deemed foul.

18. That kicking, or deliberately falling on an antagonist, with the knee or otherwise, when down, shall be deemed foul.

19. That all bets shall be paid as the battle-money, after a fight is awarded,

20. That no person, on any pretence whatever, shall be permitted to approach nearer the ring than ten feet, with the exception of the umpires and referee, and the persons appointed to take charge of the water and refreshment for the combatants, who shall take their seats close to the corners selected by the seconds.

21. That due notice shall be given by the stakeholders of the day and place where the battle-money is to be given up, and that he be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the direction of the referee; and that all parties be strictly round by these rules; and that in future all articles of agreement for the contest be entered into with a strict and willing adherence to the letter and spirit of these rules.

22. That in the event of magisterial or other interference, or in case of darkness coming on, the referee shall have the power to name the time and place for the next meeting, if possible on the the same day, or as soon after as may be.

23. That should the fight not be decided on the day, all bets, instead of being drawn, shall be put together and divided, unless the fight shall be resumed the same week, between Sunday and Sunday, in which case the bets shall stand and be decided by the event. That where the day named in the articles for a fight to come off is altered to another day in the same week, bets shall stand. The battle-money shall remain in the hands of the stakeholder until fairly won or lost by a fight, unless a draw be mutually agreed upon.

24. That any pugilist voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the deliberate judgment of the referee being obtained, shall be deemed to have lost the fight.

25. That on an objection, being made by the seconds or umpire, they shall retire to their corners, and there remain till the decision of the appointed authorities shall be obtained; that if pronounced "foul," the battle shall be at an end, but if "fair," "time" shall be called by the party appointed, and the man absent from the scratch in eight seconds after shall be deemed to have lost the fight. The decision in all cases to be given promptly and irrevocably, for which purpose the umpires and the referee should be invariably close together.

26. That if in a rally at the ropes a man steps outside the ring, to avoid his antagonist or to escape punishment, he shall forfeit the battle.

27. That the use of hard substances, such as stones, or stick or resin, in the hand during the battle shall be deemed foul, and that on the requisition of the seconds of either man, the accused shall open his hands for the examination of the referee.

28. That where a man shall have his antagonist across the ropes in such a position as to be helpless, and to endanger his life by strangulation or apoplexy, it shall be in the power of the referee to direct the seconds to take their man away, and thus conclude the round, and that the man or his seconds refusing to obey the direction of the referee, shall be deemed the loser.

29. That all stage fights be as nearly as possible in conformity with the foregoing rules.

The English Ring.

From Bell's Life, Dec. 25.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Jan. 2.---Noon and Croft's Black—£50 a side, London.

Feb. 14.—Poulson and Paddock, £100 a-side, London.

Feb. 14.—Malpas and Brittle, £50 a-side, Dudley.

Feb. 28.—Tom Sayers and Sims—£50 to £25, London.

April 19.—Paddy Gill and M'Nulty—£100 a side, London.

The New List of Ringkeepers of the Association.

Three weeks back we announced that a new list of ringkeepers was to be selected from the names of such men as intimated to us their intention of becoming candidates for the office on or before the 20th inst.; and that when the names had been duly selected they would be placed in numerical order and appointed ringkeepers in rotation. On Thursday last the names received, 32 in number, were placed in a hat, and came out in the following order:

1. Charley George; 2. George Baker; 3. Tom Paddock; 4. Billy Duncan; 5. Ned Donnelly; 6. Horrigan; 7. Tom Maley; 8. Wychwood Forester; 9. Charley Mallett; 10. George Brown; 11. Sam Martin; 12. Harry Orme; 13. Alec Reed; 14. Fred Dickinson; 15. Dan Collins; 16. George Crockett; 17. Tom Sayers; 18. Young Reed; 19. Jerry Noon; 20. Joe Rowe; 21. Mike Madden; 22. Bill Barry; 23. Nat Langham; 24. Spider; 25. Bill Hayes; 26. Jack Grant; 27. Young Sambo; 28. Jack Martin; 29. Jem Massey; 30. Jack Driscoll; 31. Fred Mason; 32. Dick Hart; Adams, Inspector.

Any names hereafter sent to us will be placed on the list as they are sent in.

MILL FOR £10.—A fight took place between Bill Wry and Tom Mead (alias Nutty) on Wednesday, the 21st instant, at a place called Folly Point, on the Kentish coast of the river Medway, which occasioned considerable interest among the sporting gentlemen of Chatham and its neighborhood, who mustered in strong force. Bill Wry was seconded by J. Oliver (the fighting cabman) and a friend. The seconds to Nutty were young Baker, and a friend. On the men stripping Nutty was a more slender man than his opponent, who appeared to be a stone and half heavier. The first three rounds Nutty was the favorite, drawing the first blood. After the twelfth round it was clear that the spirit of Nutty was breaking up, and, after fighting 52 rounds, Nutty cried enough. The fight lasted one hour and twenty-five minutes. It was a fair stand-up fight, and was the more determined owing to a misunderstanding existing between the men, who resolved to fight it out. Both were severely punished. They belong to Chatham.

JOHN EDWARD GREEN (ALIAS SNOWBALL) AND JERRY NOON.—The whole of the money, £50 a side, for the match between these youths, was made good at Owen Swift's, on Wednesday night, the 21st instant. Both men are doing well; Green under the mentorship of Sam East, at Newmarket, and Noon attended by Ned Donnelly, at Rottendean, near Brighton.—This affair is creating a great sensation amongst the betting fraternity, as both backers belong to that division, and each party being very strong. However, the betting is 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on Noon, whose position in the "P.R" would certainly appear to warrant the odds against such an opponent.

PADDY GILL AND M'NULTY.—At Solid Coates's, Old Crown, Tower street, Birmingham, on Monday, Paddy Gill and M'Nulty met and agreed to fight for £100 a side, at 8st 13lb, on the 19th of April, at a place to be named hereafter. £5 a side was deposited, and it was agreed that articles should be drawn up by us according to the new rules, and forwarded to the men's addresses. The deposits of £5 a side are to be forwarded to us weekly.

Life and Battles
IN THE
Prize-Ring
OF
YANKEE SULLIVAN,
Arranged and Compiled from authorities, especially for *The New York Clipper.*

BY THE EDITOR.

The battle between Caunt and Sullivan terminated in a manner somewhat similar to the recent fight between Morrissey and Sullivan. That Sullivan had the best of the battle certainly none can deny. Caunt disappointed the hopes of his friends, who had expected much better skill in the art, than he displayed. Sullivan on the contrary, seemed well up to the mark, and showed his superiority over his more weighty opponent.

There was a cessation of hostilities at this time between the members of the pugilistic fraternity, owing to the commencement of the preliminary arrangements for a grand set-to between Uncle Sam and John Mexico. Those who had been enemies in the ring before, were now anxious to stand up together in behalf of Uncle Sam, who had always been a father to them. Sullivan, however, still kept the "fight" in him, expecting, no doubt that he would be called upon, after the war excitement was over, to have "another little brush." There was a bad feeling existing between the Sullivan party and the Hyer party, more especially since the defeat of Country McCleester by the youthful, though rather dangerous pugilist, Tom Hyer. The friends of Sullivan seemed eager to bring the respective conquerers of Caunt and McCleester into competition in the ring, to see which was the best man. Hyer had no desire to fight, yet was "always ready" to take his own part and assist a friend when needed. As he had before stated his unwillingness to enter the ring for a mere paltry sum of a few hundred dollars, he still adhered to that determination, and all efforts to induce him to change his mind were fruitless. Sullivan was anxious for an opportunity to meet "Young America," but the amount of money necessary to raise before the match could be made operated against him, and he was forced to let matters rest for the time. It was evident, however, that the different parties could not exist in such a state of uncertainty, and numerous little battles almost daily took place between the friends of both men. From this time out it was nothing but talk, talk, talk, as to the respective merits of Hyer and Sullivan. Sullivan at this time kept a public house at No. 9 Chatham street. The National Police Gazette, to which paper we are indebted for the particulars of the great contest between Hyer and Sullivan, says, in speaking of Sullivan, and of the first meeting of the men, that the spirit of the gladiator was still strong within him, [Sullivan,] and he could not restrain himself from looking awry at Hyer whenever he came in contact with him, nor of indicating, in various significant ways, that, notwithstanding that individual's size, his youth, and length of reach, he could "flax him out with very little difficulty." In this spirit, and what was worse, with too much spirit in him, he one evening in April, 1848, dropped into the splendid restaurant on the corner of Broadway and Park Place, and being off his guard with the foolish liquor in him, gave Hyer [who was somewhat in the same condition] such provocation that an immediate fight ensued. The story was soon told. The conqueror of Hammer Lane, and heretofore invincible Sullivan, was beaten into insensibility, and taken out of the cellar, leaving Hyer cock of the walk.

It is scarcely possible to describe the excitement which this event occasioned in the public mind. For five or six days, nothing else was talked of in all circles, and for the corresponding nights Broadway swarmed with the crowds which concentrated from all quarters of the town to catch a glance, while parading from one drinking house to another, of the man who had whipped Yankee Sullivan. The papers teemed with the event, and the general expression seemed one of gratification at the result. Sullivan's friends, however, took strong objections to the manner in which his overthrow had been accomplished, and insisted that he had been taken at a hopeless disadvantage. The other side recriminated, of course, that such a complaint was a mere vain pretence.

In the meantime both factions armed themselves, and for a period of five weeks, there was a momentary dread in the minds of the peace loving, that several lives would be lost by the collision of the parties. It seems, however, that Mr. Sullivan took a second sober thought, and being averse to bowie knives or shooting irons, he concluded to dictate a personal challenge, and to that end and purpose, sent the following card to the New York Herald, which was published in that journal, on Wednesday, the first of June, 1848.

A CARD.

About six weeks since, while in the saloon on the corner of Park Place and Broadway, in a condition rendering me unable to defend myself against any attack, I was assailed in a most cowardly manner, by a man of the name of Hyer. On the strength of it, accounts of the occurrence appeared in a number of the newspapers, false in every particular, and which must have been inserted by Hyer himself, or his friends. If I had been worsted in a fair fight, and by a person who knew anything at all about fighting, or had the courage to ape of man, I should have talked to my friends, it; but I consider this way of the real to inform of the occurrence. I am no "Irish braggart" or "bully," although I am an Irishman, and believe I can show myself worthy of my country whenever I am required. If there are any who think they can make me "cry enough, like a whipped child," if No. 9 Chatham street is not too far out of the way, I will be happy to have them call and make the experiment. As for Hyer, I can "flax him out" without any exertion.

JAMES SULLIVAN.

On the following day, Thursday, the 2d of June, 1848, the following brief reply to the above card was published in the Herald.

A REPLY.

Yesterday morning it was falsely stated in one of the advertisements of this paper, signed "James Sullivan," that I had assailed him in an unjustifiable manner, and at a disadvantage, about six weeks ago, in a saloon at the corner of Park Place and Broadway. I wish merely to state, that this fellow, Sullivan, assaulted me, and that I chastised him for it, as I can and shall do again on similar provocation, to him or any one else who improperly assails me. I have only to add, that Mr. Sullivan will find me always much readier to meet him anywhere than in the newspapers; anywhere, however, I am his master. THOMAS HYER.

These two letters, though sufficiently belligerent in their tone, did not lead immediately to the arrangement to which both parties seemed desirous to come, and two months more elapsed in hostile traversing, in the hope to catch each other in some chance melee. In the first week in August, however, a bar-room banter to Hyer, of $20, by one of Sullivan's adherents, to the effect that he dared not make a match with Sullivan, produced the requisite arrangement. Hyer put up the twenty dollars, and, in pursuance of the conditions of the wager, a meeting was had at Ford's tavern, at No. 28 Park Row, by the friends and backers of both parties, on the night of Monday, 7th August. To win the twenty dollar banter, therefore, Hyer stood ready to make a match for $10,000, or $5,000 a side, and put down $100 as a temporary forfeit. Though the offer of such a tremendous stake seemed to stagger the friends of Sullivan not a little, they nevertheless came boldly up to the scratch, and the match was at once agreed on.

As soon as this ceremony was over, the following articles of agreement were drawn up, or produced, and being duly executed, became from that hour the law for the contest:—

Articles of Agreement

Entered into this seventh day of August, 1848, between James Sullivan and Thomas Hyer.

RULES TO BE GOVERNED BY.

The said James Sullivan agrees to fight the said Thomas Hyer a fair stand up fight, half minute time, in a twenty-four feet roped ring, according to the new rules as laid down in the Fistiana for 1848, by which rules the said Sullivan and Hyer hereby mutually agree to be bound.

AMOUNT OF STAKE AND PLACE OF FIGHT.

The said fight shall be for the sum of *Five Thousand Dollars* aside. The said fight shall take place within the states of Virginia or Maryland, or some other place, if the parties can mutually agree upon such other place.

TO INCREASE OR LESSEN THE STAKE.

The fight can be made for a greater or lesser sum than Five Thousand Dollars aside, by mutual consent of the parties.

WITHIN SIX MONTHS.

The said fight shall take place within six months from the date of these articles.

HOURS BETWEEN WHICH THE FIGHT SHALL TAKE PLACE.

On the day on which the fight takes place, each man shall be in the ring on or before 1 o'clock P. M., or at an earlier hour if the parties mutually agree.

PROVISION AGAINST INTERFERENCE.

In case of magisterial interference or other interruption of the fight, which the umpires shall deem fair cause for adjourning the fight, the referee or stake holder shall name the time and place for the next meeting of the parties to decide or terminate the fight.

Each man shall be attired suitably for fair ring fighting.

NO ADVANTAGE.

No unfair shoes or unfair means shall be resorted to during the fight or at the termination thereof.

AGREEMENT TO GIVE NO INFORMATION.

It is hereby agreed, that no information shall be given to any person, whereby the authorities may interfere to stop the fight.

CHOICE OF GROUND.

The party winning the choice of ground for fighting, shall give the other party ten days' notice of the place selected for the fight, such information to be fair and unequivocal as to its whereabouts.

CONVEYANCE TO GROUND.

Should it be necessary to employ a steamboat to convey the parties and their friends to the place of fighting, and a steamboat be chartered, the proceeds of such boat shall be equally divided between the parties.

FIRST INSTALMENT.

Five Hundred Dollars aside (making One Thousand Dollars) are now deposited in the hands of J— B— F—, in pursuance of the foregoing agreement.

SECOND INSTALMENT.

The next deposit of *Five Hundred Dollars* aside to be put up at the house of James Sullivan, No. 9 Chatham street, in the hands of J. B. F., on Monday evening, 21st of August, between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M.

THIRD INSTALMENT.

On the 21st day of September, *Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars* aside to be put up at the house of Ford & Phillips, 28 Park Row.

FOURTH INSTALMENT.

On the 21st day of October, Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars aside, at 9 Chatham street.

FIFTH INSTALMENT.

On the 21st day of November, Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars a side, to be put up at No. 28 Park Row.

SIXTH INSTALMENT.

On the 21st of day December, Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars aside, to be put up at No. 9 Chatham street.

The above mentioned deposits of Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars aside, to be put up at the places described between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M.

FINAL INSTALMENT.

The last and final deposit of One Thousand Dollars aside, to be put up at 28 Park Row on the 8th day of January, 1849, between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M.

FORFEIT.

Either party failing to comply with the above conditions, shall forfeit the money already down.

STAKEHOLDER.

All the sums above mentioned, to be put up in the hands of J— B— F—, who shall be empowered, in case of his sickness or absence from the city, to name or appoint a person to receive for him the deposits.

RULES TO UMPIRES.

Each party shall furnish their respective umpires with a copy of "Fistiana."

NO ADVANTAGES.

It is distinctly understood that no undue advantage shall be taken by either party; but every transaction shall take place in a fair business-like manner.

REFEREE.

Each party shall choose an umpire, and they, the umpires, shall choose a referee, whose decision shall be final and binding upon the parties.

STAKES

The stakes not to be given up until fairly won or lost, by a fight or by forfeiture. In pursuance of this agreement, the parties hereunto attach their names.

Signed, F. M. for JAMES SULLIVAN.
M. M. for THOS. HYER

Witness—A. N.
T. C. B.

These arrangements having been made, and ratified with a general bumper of champagne, the parties separated, and the public drew a long breath of relief at having escaped the danger of a street slaughter which had so long been threatened. The interest having now taken a temperate and a legitimate direction, rose higher than ever, and with the New York community, divided the excitement caused by the approaching Presidential campaign. Both men, and the backers of both, in the meanwhile seemed to feel the highest confidence in their respective causes, the best evidence of which lies in the fact of the promptness and regularity with which the instalments of the monster wager were put up. The long period set for the training excited some surprise in the general mind, but to the initiated it was considered necessary, in order to correct the irregularities of Hyer's mode of life, and as an indulgence, which Sullivan on his part required, so that he might take, for a while, the light and gentle discipline requisite to a man who had trained so often before.

The men immediately made arrangements for training, &c., and as the reporter for the Gazette gave a very faithful report of the doings of each we give his report verbatim. The first is a description of a sparring exhibition given by Yankee Sullivan in the month succeeding the making of the match. We have struck from it the intermediate set-to's, and have retained only what will serve to give a graphic idea of the spirit in which everything appertaining to the fight was conducted, and what relates personally to the principals.

September 30th, 1848.

Excitement among the Fighting Crowd.

SULLIVAN'S EXHIBITION.—According to the custom of distinguished pugilists when fitted against each other for a fight, each of the main parties to the contest, gives, during the period of training, three or four sparring exhibitions, that he may test the good-will of his friends, and display his condition to those who have laid, or who wish to lay, their money out upon him. Following the principals, come the seconds and the trainers, who, however, having less claim upon the curiosity of the public, content themselves with a "benefit" a piece, and with considerate deference usually charge but half the price required by their employers.

In accordance with these regulations, as ancient and invariable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, James, otherwise Yankee Sullivan, on Monday night last, gave a "grand" exhibition at the Shakespeare Hotel, price 50 cents a head, at which the most famous of the "fancy" regaled each other, in couples, with a series of friendly punches in the head. We were there; so were some eight hundred distinguished persons, in the shape of editors, doctors, lawyers, brokers, clerks, exquisites, philosophers, (no Clergymen who were identified as such), and swarms of the boys and "hitters out," filling the huge ball-room with multifarious and grotesque intelligence, even to the tiittle music perch, stuck on one of the side walls.

The performances of the evening were of an exciting character. Barring the first set-to, in which two Chatham street Jews puffed each other's faces with square-handed smacks, the contests were spirited and in many cases severe.

At the commencement of the next display the room was entered by a celebrated sporting editor, accompanied by some dozen of his friends, among whom was the Honorable John M. Botts and a commodore of the navy, who, walking across the room at a step something brisker than the dead march in Saul, melted down among the front row of squatters, who cottoned to the floor, on the furtherest side.

During the progress of this set-to, Hyer, who is matched against Sullivan for $10,000, and Thompson his trainer, entered the room, and, for a few moments, engrossed the attention of all who were in their neighbourhood.

Hyer already shows the improvement of his brief training, since the making of the match. He is a tall, splendid looking fellow, of some six feet two inches in height, with regular and handsome features and a form that is a happy combination of Hercules and the Apollo Belvidere. His countenance is strikingly American, while that of his trainer, who is a man of almost equally formidable dimensions, is no less decidedly English. As for Sullivan, the Emerald Isle never had a more unmistakeable specimen of her hardy race.

After three more set-to's, the last of which was a brisk and severe one, between a Frenchman and the famous Awful Gardner, Sullivan and Thompson, duly prepared for sharp work, entered the arena, accompanied by the celebrated Country M'Cluskey, who, amidst repeated showers of applause, introduced them to the company. Country then retired, and the skilful combatants then squared for each other amid the most breathless silence of the before tumultuous crowd. Sullivan looked the perfect beau ideal of a fighting man. He was dressed in the complete uniform of the ring, and, as he confronted his antagonist, with his keen mischievous eye riveted upon him, we never saw anything more striking than the deeply earnest expression of his peculiar physiognomy. Contrasted with Sullivan, Thompson who is over six feet high, looked like a young giant, and his skill and action, proved to be no less formidable, than in his muscular powers.

As the combatants measured each other's reach, Hyer looked over the heads of the crowd and studied every motion of Thompson's antagonist, with the intense attention which befitted a man who was to oppose his powers to those of the latter for $10,000.

The combatants advanced and retreated; they alternately changed sides, and then cautiously worked back to their first positions: they feinted, took guard, smiled at the failures of each, and again grew serious, when, of a sudden, Sullivan let fly with his left, and planted his glove full upon his opponent's nose, and having gained this advantage, he got away and closed the round. As this artistic blow was given, loud cheers were given by Sullivan's friends from all parts of the room. In the next round Thompson showed the most admirable skill, dealing Sullivan some tremendous counterhits, as well as several gratuitous discharges, which kept the Champion continually at work. In the third round, Thompson endeavored to maintain the same tactics, and drove Sullivan to the edge of the spectators, when the latter suddenly closed and threw him handsomely, landing him upon his shoulder. This superb manœuvre occasioned the most vociferous applause on the part of Sullivan's friends, some of whom rushed into the ring and tossed their hats up to the ceiling in their ecstacy.

On coming to the scratch in the next round, Thompson looked feverish. He commenced the round most wickedly, and leading off, hit out right and left, driving Sullivan by his headlong and irresistable advance, among the spectators. Perceiving now, that the thing had become too earnest for sport, Sullivan, with proper judgement, bowed to the audience and would have ended the contest; but Thompson, who wished to get an offset for "that throw," was for him back, and the audience seconded the proposition with such unanimous voice, that Sullivan could not resist the challenge. Mischief now flashed from the eyes of each, and soon sharp exchanges rung on the heads of both. Seizing a chance, Thompson rushed in impetuously and grasped the champion, and rather by main strength than by the exercise of any other quality, gave him a lance throw among the spectators. Just as this feat was accomplished, some one of Sullivan's friends, irritated at what he conceived to be a momentary discomfiture of his favorite, either kicked Thompson, or made an overture to do so; whereupon a member of the opposition called the hon. gentleman to order by seizing him by the coller, and threatening to "mortify his jaw." This was the signal for a general rush, and in the close of bodies and the strife of arms, there was for some minutes the prospect of a terrible melee. We have seldom witnessed a more exciting scene, and more than once, it seemed that the rival factions, which adhered respectively to Hyer and Sullivan, were about to settle in the presence of their leaders, and out of hand, the original difficulty which gave rise to their present match. By the judicious efforts of some influential peace-makers, however, quiet was at length restored, and the evening's business wound up by a severe glove fight between Tom O'Donnel, the trainer of Sullivan, and an excellent sparrer named Mike Kelly.

To be continued.

TARGET EXCURSIONS.

West Street always ahead?--Boatmen on Deck.

The first Company Boatmen Guard, Captain James Derrick, accompanied by Atkins Brass Band, made their annual excursion for target practice and social enjoyment to D. Pollock, Mansion House, Hoboken, on Wednesday, Jan. 4th, 1854.

At 10 o'clock A. M., the Company left their head quarter, No. 47 West street and paraded through some of the principle thoroughfares, when they paraded to Hoboken; after partaking of some refreshments. The shooting exercise commenced under the supervision of the following gentlemen, who acted as Judges on the occasion, Henry Trollech, Henry Hyerholtz, Jacob Sepps, Charles Schooz, Patried Welch, and David Blair. The target exercises being over, the Company returned and partook of the dinner which was prepared by Mr. Pollock in his best style, and was greatly enjoyed by the "Boatmen" dinner being over, the following prizes were awarded to the best marksmen.

First Prize, a most magnificent Silver Pitcher, presented by Henry Myerholtz and Peter Schully, won by John Strepp. 2d Lieut.; 2d do, a splendid Silver Pitcher, presented by William Faulkner, won by Capt. James Derrick; 3d do, a splendid Musket, presented by Jacob Sepps, won by Stephen Dean; 4th do, $10 Gold Piece, presented by Charles Schootz, won by Felix Murphy; 5th do, a splendid Silver Cake Basket, presented by Alderman Woods, won by Charles Hutching, Orderly; 6th do, a Gold Locket, presented by John Thompson, won by Peter O'Nail; 7th do $5 Gold Piece, presented by R. Atkinson, won by Luke Cavannah; 8th do, splendid Breast Pin, presented by Henry Froklich, won by John Root; 9th do, Revolver, presented by George Stephens, won by John Bell; 10th do, Silver Cup, presented by Patrick Walsh, won by Charles Moore; 11th do, Silver Cup, presented by Jacob Smith, won by Tex— 12th do, $5 Gold Piece, presented by Henry Robuly, won by Martin Stickler; 13th do, Order for $5 Boots, presented by Isaac Rochow, won by Michael Shannon; 14th do, Gold Pencil, presented by Charles McManus, won by John Lane; 15th do, Pair of Silver Spoons, presented by Jas. Peterson, won by John Frohlich; 16th do, Gold Pencil, presented by Francis Holman, won by Eugene Callaghan; 17th do, Breast Pin, presented by David Blair, won by Lawrence McMahan; 18th do, Breast Pin, presented by Thomas Allen, won by David Roche; 19th do, Breast Pin, presented by Francis Holman, won by Henry Hughes; 20th do, Fishing Reel, presented by William Johnson, won by Lewis Buckley; 21st do, Perham Gift Ticket, presented by John Schwizer, won by John Donohu.

After the distribution of the prizes, the Company returned to their head quarters, highly delighted with the sport of the day, on this, the occasion of their first annual excursion.

Gafney Guards.

Gafney Guards numbering 40 muskets and commanded by Capt. W. H. Fierpoint, went on their first Annual Target Excursion on Wednesday, 28th of Dec. to Mott Heven, where they contended for many valuable prizes; the crack shots were as follows:

First prize, a splendid gold Watch, presented by Berneard Gafney, won by Andrew Killesen; 2nd, gold chain, won by John Haney: 3rd, silver basket won by John Ward, &c.

THE BALL SEASON.

Grand Soiree

Of Washington Engine Company, No. 1, of Brooklyn, at Gothic Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 11th inst. This long looked for affair came off with great eclat on the above evening. The fair sex attended the Festive Hall in large numbers. By the extreme kindness of the gentlemanly floor manager, Wm. T. Fetch, we were enabled to gather a few items. The belle of the ball, Miss M—roy, was attired in a splendid brochade satin dress, with velvet boddice. This young lady was greatly admired for her conversational powers; and we think that on this evening she captured one-half of the sterner sex. Miss C—r, of Hudson avenue, appeared as captivating as ever. Capt. George E. Betts, of Williamsburgh, asserted that she was the best waltzer he ever saw, and he is no mean criterion on such matters. Miss Van Arsdale, of Hudson avenue—a pretty young lady of some sixteen summers, attracted a great deal of attention. She was accompanied by her father. Miss McD—de, of York street, proved to be a strong rival to the belle. Miss R—G—ing, of Fulton st., dressed in brochade silk, appeared to carry off the palm for dancing. Miss B—ns, of Warren street, had a crowd of admirers constantly around her. Miss S. M. McK—na, of Front street, attired in cherry colored satin, looked beautiful. She was so besieged with applications for the "next dance," that it was impossible for a small man to get a word in edgeways. Capt. A. J. Cadmy of the Washington Guard, was "around" on this occasion. A delegation from Bunker Hill Engine Co. No. 32, of New York, were present, and were waited upon by the worthy Foreman of No. 1, whose name has slipped our memory, but whose kindness never can. Among the male portion of those present, we noticed Mr. James C—y, a very sensitive young man from the Irving Association of Brooklyn; his absence would not have been regretted by those present. We also met Mr. Burk, in company with Capt. George E. Betts, and Mr. Hickey, of Williamsburgh. John McLoughlin was shaking his "light fantastic toe" during the evening. Everything passed off with satisfaction to all present.

Broderick Engine Co. No. 3.

The Second Annual Ball of the above named company took place on Wednesday evening, January 11th, at the Chinese Assembly Rooms, Broadway.—The ball was well attended, and the managers deserve credit for the manner in which the arrangements were carried out.

Yankee Clock.

The Ninth Annual Ball of the Franklin Engine Co. No. 3, (Yankee Clock,) of Brooklyn, is to be given at Montague Hall, on Monday evening next, January 23d.

Invitation Soiree of the Irving Association.

The members of the above Association, give their Invitation Soiree, at Gothic Hall, Brooklyn, on the evening of January 26th. The Balls of the Irvings have always given general satisfaction, and we have no reason to suppose that the coming one will prove an exception; in fact, tojudge from present appearances, it will surpass all former ones.

L. C. Grimes Guard.

The first annual ball of the second company of L. C. Grimes Guard, took place on Monday evening last at the Chinese Assembly Rooms, and notwithstanding the disagreeable state of the weather, far exceeded the expectations of the committee. Adkin's band opened the ball with a march, and soon the room was filled with the gay and joyous dancers. Among the ladies present we noticed the beautiful and lady-like Miss Y—tes, of Stanton street, Brooklyn, who was considered the belle of the ball. Misses R. M. M—n, of New Orleans, and McG—y, of Hudson avenue, Brooklyn, could have made many conquests, had they been so desirous. The Misses A. and A. E. R—rs, of Walker street, received well merited attention during the evening. Miss M. E. C—n, of Allen street, a very modest young lady, was in company of Mr. L. C. Grimes. Mr. Douglass shone forth with a lady who was no juvenile in the ball room. Mr. and Mrs. H—tt, of Pitt street, were present. Miss R—gers, dressed in plaid silk, was much admired. Miss D—ggs, of Sarracco's Academy, attracted considerable attention. W. Brennan and D. Klauberg were very merry, and the eccentricities of Mr. H—tt, of Monroe street, kept the company in a continual good humor. The dancing was kept up with great spirit, and the ball closed by the band playing "We part to meet again."

Spring and Neat.

On the first page of this week's Clipper will be found a report of the battle between Spring and Neat, for the championship.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

JANUARY 21, 1854.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS

Ross & Jones, 21 Ann Street.
Price & Winans, 35 Ann Street.
Mike Madden, 47 Ann Street.
Abbe & Yates, 20 Ann Street,

Notice.

☞ Persons wishing to subscribe to the Clipper, will please send direct to our office, No. 150 Fulton street.

☞ Our Philadelphia Agent, Mr. W Winch, 116 Chesnut street, will supply newspaper dealers in Philadelphia with the Clipper at our regular wholesale rates.

NOTICE.

Persons wishing the Clipper left at their place of business or residences can be accommodated by leaving their names at this office, or at the following places:

Mr. Izzy Lazarus, No. 4 James street.
Mr. James McLaughlin, 155 First Avenue.
Mr. John Merritt, Sportsman's Hall, No. 49 Madison street.
Mr. Mike Murphy, No. 154 Walker street.
Mr. Frank Mitchell, No. 103 Bayard street.

And at the residence of Mr. John McMahon, our regular carrier, at No. 289 Eleventh street. Mr. McMahon will deliver the Clipper to subscribers at the earliest possible moment.

The Firemen.

Several communications have reached us in reference to an article published in last week's Clipper on the subject of fires. Our correspondents say that "companies arriving upon the ground are not required to wait for orders from the Chief Engineer or his Assistants. If the Chief Engineer or his Assistants are not present at the time a company reaches the fire, the said company can do as they see proper, and go into service immediately." While admitting the facts as above stated by our correspondents whose position as firemen enables them to be better posted up in those matters than ourselves, we are surprised that our correspondents have said nothing in contradiction of our assertion that there is unnecessary delay in fire companies getting into service at fires. That such is the fact there is no manner of doubt, and if the delay is not attributable to the Chief Engineer or his Assistants, then to what is it attributable? We have been informed by several firemen that much delay is occasioned by the refusal of hose companies to give their water to other than favorite engine companies --consequently, while a hose company is waiting for their favorite, an engine may be upon the ground, and yet through the obstinacy of those whose duty it is to give that engine water, there they remain idle for 10 or 15 minutes, until the arrival of some other hose company, with whom they may be on good terms, and from whom they at last obtain a supply of water, and go into active service---the fire, in the meantime, has gained great headway, and what at the earliest moment could have been subdued by the active co-operation of a single hose cart and engine, now baffles the united efforts of the entire department, and the building in which the fire originated is soon a smouldering ruins. Is it possible that such a state of things is allowed to exist in a city of such vast magnitude as New York. Is it actually true that the property and lives of our fellow-citizens are at the mercy of the whims and caprices of men to whom we look for protection from conflagration? And yet we cannot doubt it, when members of the fire department assert that such is the state of feeling among some of our firemen.

We are sorry to hear this. No matter what may be the private feelings of one company in reference to another, at a fire all animosities should cease, and friend and foe should unite in battling with the flames, and endeavor by all means to subdue them at the earliest possible moment. Once let the flames obtain the mastery (and it requires but a *short time* to obtain that mastery when *unopposed* by the firemen,) and there is no calculating the effects which may follow. What is the Chief Engineer and his Assistants about that they permit this feeling to manifest itself at fires--that they permit water to be *wasted* when engines are prepared and anxious to *use* it against an opposing element? There is something wrong in the Fire Department, and the well meaning firemen should endeavor to reform the abuses existing therein.

We have made these few observations in the hope that existing evils may be remedied, and that the Fire Department of New York may prove itself to be the best organization of the kind in the Union.

The Ball Pare.

This much talked of affair, where no one was to have been admitted unless in full dress, has "cove in." For the information of ladies and others not up to these high-falutin kind of things, we would state that the *full dress* for ladies consists of as *little covering* for their beautiful proportions as their ancestor, Mrs. Eve, wore, when playing hide-and seek with Adam (we forget his last name) in the Garden of Eden.

Hyer and Sullivan.

In another part of our paper may be be found the commencement of the full particulars of the Great Battle between Hyer and Sullivan.

Extraordinary Gift Enterprise!

UNPARALLELED AND UNPRECEDENTED LIBERALITY!!

BOWERY AGAINST BROADWAY!

GREAT TRIUMPH OF CHARLEY WHITE.

We never heard of a more daring and successful attempt to defeat the operations of the law against lotteries than that just brought to light in this city. It appears that a gentleman named White, more familiarly known in sporting circles as Charley White, Proprietor of the Melodeon, in the Bowery, conceived the astounding and unprecedented idea of getting up a Gift Enterprise on a plan similar to those of the renowned Jollie, Perham, Jones, and others. The idea once conceived, Mr. White immediately made arrangements on a scale of liberality fully equal to anything of the kind ever before attempted in this city. Mr. White purchased Gifts of princely munificence, far surpassing those of Perham, which latter, like children, should have been seen but never heard of. The Bowery boys at once entered into the spirit of the enterprise, and soon every ticket was disposed of, without selling a single one at auction; and this, mind you, was no small task, considering there were less than 100,000! The difficulty now was to evade the law. This Mr. White *easily* accomplished by *hiring the District Attorney to attend to his case* if the authorities offered to molest him in the discharge of his obligations to the public. This was a daring move, but Charley (we call him Charley for short) was fully equal to the emergency, and treated the District Attorney in such a liberal manner that he offered to fix things in such a way that Charley could keep the money obtained for tickets, and the prizes too, if he would "come *down*" a little after everything had been hushed *up*. Charley told him that he din'nt mean to "flunk out" of giving his patrons their prizes, and as he had promised so would he perform, or fail in perishing in the attempt. So far, things had been conducted perfectly "on the square," and on Wednesday evening those who purchased tickets assembled at the Melodeon, and the prizes were distributed as promised. The following is a programme of the general arrangements of the evening. Owing to the "noise and confusion" we were unable to obtain a list of those who obtained the principal prizes:

Drivers dumped their company with their horses heading Chatham Square, and the M. P's took 'em up heads you lose.

Performances commenced as soon as the house got full, and it was all over by the time it was out.

Persons drawing prizes were immediately requested to take them away, as the manager would not hold himself responsible, or make good any loss or damage by fire, or any invasion, insurrection, riot, or any civil commotion, or any military or usurped power. In consequence of this notice, everything *passed off* quietly.

Charley White had the honor of making this enterprize known to the citizens of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, California, London, France and China by telegraph, entirely alone and unaided.

We believe the following to be a complete and authentic list of the prizes given away on this extraordinary occasion:

A Splendid seven inch Mirror—known by the manufacturer to be worth considerable; particularly to dirty face people.

One Farm—in Melodeon County, Bowery, containing more or less acres, in a good State, (New York) with dwelling, Barn and other necessary out-houses, only a quarter of a mile from the Park, and two miles from the Crystal Palace, either by Railroad or Stage, and also containing a number of trees on which an abundance of flies have lit during the past year.

Any information about this farm will be given by Snyder Sladinscoblinsgotinstautzer, importer of Fancy Articles, 5000 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Also, a Celebrated Trotting Horse—warranted to stand without tieing. Can trot with two persons in a wagon, to be seen at the Melodeon any day, except when the owner has him out [in his pocket.]

One Piano—worth five or six shillings, made by the best manufacturer of Toys in Paris.

Several Watches—warranted to go when the owner does.

One Lot of Pens and Cases—worth something.

One Bundle of Pencils---the price mislaid.

No Orders for Hats—in consequence of not having time to write them.

Any Quantity of Cold Pens—valued at pence.

Two Engravings---got up expressly for this exhibition.

5,000 Hand Bills---describing this Prize Concert, were given away gratuitously.

One Mustache, knocked off by a snow-ball during the last sleighing.

One good Brass Ring---solid.

One bar of Soft Soap---that washed the Beach of Rockaway.

One Dried Herring.

One Lemon Squeezed.

One Needle full of Black Thread.

One small plate of Beans on the half shell.

One Gill of Wild Oats.

One pair of India Rubber Ear Rings.

One pair of Shoe Laces.—strong enough to hold a Porgie.

One bottle of Rifle Brandy—warranted to kill at 40 yds.

One Doughnut on a skure.

One Pocket-book—full of dust.

One fresh bag of Roasted Peanuts—imported from Africa.

Two Crackers on a shingle

One Purse full of Bad Pennies.

Three Hairs—taken from the tail of Franconi's celebrated Jumping Horse.

One large Russian Turnip—from Westchester.

One Butt—used by Sykesey.

One Sponge Cake—a Round-heart with a piece of sponge glued on it.

One Ball of Twine—long enough to fly a kite.

One Rule to go by.

Three Havana Segars.—imported from Connecticut.

One Invisible Daguerreotype.

One Leg—taken from the Stool of Repentence.

One Pair of Suspenders—long enough for any man, short enough for any boy.

Half dozen Iron Spoons—warranted.

Two Feathers—taken from the tail of Job's turkey.

One Dagger—the same that Macbeth saw.

One Paper of Shoemaker's Pegs.

One Ball of Wax.

Any quantity of Snare Drums, Tin Whistles, and Penny Trumpets.

Another Calamity.

The periodical calamities with which our city and its inhabitants are visited, are beginning to attract the attention of the community, in order to devise better means for the security of life and property. Trace these calamities to their proper sources, and it will be found that there is a something or a somebody at fault, and had care and prudence been manifested at an earlier moment, we should not now be grieving the absence of those who have perished by the opposing elements of fire and water. The sad disaster to the steamer San Francisco, by which scores of human beings were sent into eternity with scarce a moment's warning, affords us deep cause for serious reflection. Was that vessel in proper condition to battle with the winds and waves of old ocean? From what we have gleaned from various sources of information, we cannot otherwise but conclude that she was loaded too deep, and but illy suited to stand up against a heavy sea. Aside from this, however, there were other faults apparent in the fitting out of this vessel: either the engine was not such a one as it purported to be, or those entrusted with its management were incapable of attending properly to their duties in any great emergency. A spirit of economy often impels owners to employ those who can be had at the lowest salary. Engineers are oftentimes engaged on steam vessels who are not competent to be entrusted with the lives of a single human being, and yet how often is it the case that hundreds are entrusted to their keeping. We do not say that such was the case in reference to the San Francisco, but we do say such might have been the case. There was a difficulty about the working of the engine at the very time when the services of that engine were most needed. Those difficulties may be fully explained away by those most deeply interested, but we do assert most emphatically that there was a fault in the engine or in the engineers.

Many of our best mechanics, men possessing a thorough theoretical and practical knowledge of everything appertaining to machinery, are to be found in every large city in the Union, working as mere jorneymen, merely because they have not money or influence to procure them; a responsible situation on board of some of our large steamers, for which they are eminently fitted, while others who have studied a year or two the theory of mechanism, without having the least practical experience are at once appointed to some station for which they are wholly incompetent. This is an undeniable fact, and shipowners should become fully satisfied of the competency of every man in their employ, before clearing a vessel from our port. There is a too great trifling with human life in allowing these things. "Let us look on a man as we find him," not to the assertions of this or that individual, who may have a deep interest in the object sought. Employ true mechanics, not men whose qualifications consist in being dressed in fine linen and broadcloth, and we will not be afflicted by so many disasters on sea as well as on land.

"Do as we do."

It is a great fashion with our theatre and concert-going friends to begin to leave their seats at places of amusement a short time previous to the close of the entertainments. Now this is very bad manners, and shows a want of good breeding on the part of persons thus trespassing upon the rights of those who wish to remain until they "have seen enough." How different the case at a prize fight. There, not a single individual would think of budging from his position until the curtain had dropped, or at least until the whipped man had dropped. Our pugilistic friends would sooner see the *end* of a fight than the *beginning*, principals as well as spectators. We hope those who feel the force of our argument, will profit by it, accordingly.

Complimentary.

The Tribune one day last week, in a "first rate notice" of the Bowery Theatre, contained the following highly complimentary bit of intelligence:

The Bowery Theatre has hitherto done much to demoralize the poorer youth of our city. Its pupils are numerous in our prisons and penitentiaries.

Its short, "but that's no matter."

Revised Rules of the Ring.

On our first page will be found the new Rules of the Ring, as revised at the late meeting of the Pugilistic Association of London.

Prediction for 1854.

Raphael, the Great Astrologer, has predicted great things for the year 1854. January, he says, "will open heavily and dull, but mild. The tranquility of France will be disturbed; much excitement will reign in Paris, Lyons, Toulouse, and Rome. Turkey and the regions of the Tigris and Euphrates will be sorely afflicted. In February, strange and extraordinary events will take place, and much dissatisfaction reign among all classes, more particularly in the agricultural districts. There will be great affliction in Ireland; misery, in the frightful form of starvation, will stalk, with long strides, through that unhappy country. In parts of Russia, Poland, and Asia Minor, thousands will perish from want and the ravages of war. Paris will be full of excitement, and Louis Napoleon will be surrounded with troubles. The Pope and Francis Joseph of Austria will encounter much difficulty. Raphael predicts that civil broils will occur in Portugal. Russia will suffer grievous evils. Alas! poor Turkey: there, there will be much affliction. Poor Louis Napoleon is still surrounded by difficulties. In April, the Emperor Nicholas will be successful in his schemes and intrigues: his ambitious eye will be turned towards Asia. The kings of Holland and Saxony will be subject to evil influences: the 25th is an inauspicious day for royalty: the Princess Royal will be liable to accidents or feverish complaints; or we may add, a scolding for neglecting to learn her royal lessons. In May, the highest power in the land will be grievously afflicted: his Royal Highness the Prince Consort will be under the malific influence of Saturn's transit over the sun's radical place at birth; and if that luminary be Hyleg, his health will be affected. Woe will reign in the land of Islamism. The United States of America will feel the direful influence of Saturn in Gemeni; and the configurations of the solar eclipse of the 26th will be fraught with importance to their citizens. In June violent opposition will be shown to her Majesty's advisers by the House of Commons: excitement among the clergy—a scramble, we suppose, after the loaves and fishes: let jobbers and speculators beware: woe and misery in Turkey and Asia Minor; the peaceful Swiss disturbed: excitement fills the mind of the citizens of Paris, Lyons, Toulouse, and Heidelberg. In July, delinquencies and robberies frequent in the Post-office; the 7th and 8th are evil days for the Prince of Wales, and the 19th for Prince Arthur; about the 17th the Duke of Cambridge liable to accident or feverish attacks: a lady of rank incurs scandal and disgrace: Louis Napoleon suffers; woe reigns in Greece: Otho's throne and life in danger.

In August, jobbing and bubble companies predominate; rebellion in Austria; the Czar's efforts to increase his dominions are successful; his Chinese Majesty's subjects rebel: the 27th, an evil day for Louis Napoleon; let the King of Naples beware of female intrigue, poison, or the assassin. Come we to September. In this month fires and accidents occur in London and Liverpool; excitement in Syria, India, Barbary, Morocco, Norway, Bavaria, Catalonia, and Valencia. In October, the University of Oxford will become a scene of strife; unusual sickness from cholera prevails in London, or a virulent epidemic, during the whole summer and autumn, in the west of England: Russia stealthily undermines the ancient monarchy of China. We now arrive at November, "if" says Raphael, "read aright, it will require all the ability of our Government to preserve peace. I forbear to state all I fear for England;" France warlike; great excitement on her coast between the Seine and the Garonne: Turkey and Asia disturbed. In December, significations of direful import to the Metropolis and the west of England; cold diseases prevail, and numbers fall victims to complaints of the chest and lungs: dark and gloomy clouds hover over us; and during 1855 the significations are still fearfully evil." Raphael concludes his predictions, and adds—"To those who place no credence in astral influences, I say—"Time proves all things."

Bear and Lion Fight.

Some of our "side show" proprietors, anxious to "raise the wind," have intimated that a great battle would shortly take place between a Grizzly Bear and a Lion, for a large sum of money. Several of the Sunday papers bit at the bait, and gave a first rate notice. Our sporting contemporary, Horace Greely, of the New York Tribune, ever alive and on hand to witness a good fight, no matter whom the combatants may be, was also "sold," in reference to the Bear and Lion fight, as his readers were favored with an article on the subject on Monday last. Verily, verily, Horace is wound." Sold again and got the money. "Vich is the bear and vich is the lion?" "Walk in gentlemen, the largest living curiosity in the world, only six-pence a sight".

Now and Then.

The interest manifested during the past week in behalf of the sufferers by the burning of Metropolitan Hall and the Lafarge House, has been oversha dowed by the disaster to the steamer San Francisco. What may we next look for?

The Ring and the Pulpit.

"MEEK AND LOWLY" SHOULDER HITTERS.

The Boston "Times" gave a few days ago, a long account of two ministers at South Boston, who got drunk at the late election, and then got to fighting. After pummeling each other until their eyes were blackened, and their noses bled, the "meek and lowly shepherds" were parted, and a docter sent to dress their wounds. If the clergy are going into the ring, and, instead of shouting the glories of the Gospel, the Psalms of David, and Dr. Watt's Hymns, adopt that classic vocabulary that commences with "first blood," "closed peeper," "planted a staggerer in the breast," &c., we would like to know what is to become of our pugilistic friends, who have lately created such a sensation? They will be obliged to adopt prayer meetings and white neckcloths.

This reminds us of a little incident that happened lately. A ranting preacher in one of the little towns near the celebrated Boston Corners, where the late prize fight took place, having heard no other conversation during the week in which the battle came off but "bread basket," "peeper," "first knock down," "stinger in the eye," "closed his window," &c., &c., actually became so smitten with the charms of the pugilistic dialect, that on the next Sabbath, while delivering a right-handed begging sermon to his flock, he said: "I dare say you'd all pay to see a Prize Fight between Morrissey and Sullivan, and yet you don't like to pay to see a pitched battle between me and Belzebub. Oh! my friends, many a hard knock, and many a cross-buttock have I given the black bruiser for your sakes! Pull-do pull off these gay garments of Mammon! Strike the devil a straight blow, and *darken his spiritual daylights!* At him manfully, and I'll be your *bottle-holder!* I ask nothing but the money, which I hope you'll not forget before you go." Our reverend friend's appeal was not made in vain, for the "boys" so enjoyed the sermon that they laid many a "quarter" on the strength and science of the preacher against his more wily and *satanic* foe. Our sporting friend Greely, of the Tribune, will please copy the above remarkable sermon for the benefit of those of his readers who never go to church. It might do 'em a heap of good.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A STUMPER FOR FAST MEN.

We did expect to place before our readers the particulars of a match, said to have been made between Mickey Free and the North Star, but we believe there is some impediment in the way to making the match, though the fault does not lie with Mickey, as he has called upon us, and offered every inducement to bring the North Star to terms. To make things more clearly understood, and to give pedestrians a fair chance, Mickey Free desires us to publish the following challenge, to whomsoever may be disposed to meet him on fair and friendly terms. At the hurdle leaping at Bergen Point, on Christmas day, we heard much boasting on the part of various sporting celebrities then present, and we think if any of them are anxious for a match, as they seemed to be, they will not fail to make the fact known. Here is the

CHALLENGE.

Jersey City, January 17th, 1854.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER: SIR,—I am now ready to appear before the public once more, if a chance is given me. I will jump 120 hurdles, 3 feet 1 inch in height, placed on a 12 mile level, in 3 successive hours; or I will walk with any man in America, for 100 hours in succession, and the one who goes the farthest, takes the prize; or, I will go 100 miles in 20 successive hours. I will do either of the above feats, against time, or on a fair bet in money, for much or little, as parties may wish. To accommodate sporting gentlemen, I will go to any part of America, provided my expenses are paid. My money is ready for any reasonable bet.

If any person wishes for further information, or to see me, either call upon, or write to the editor of the New York Clipper; or C. F. Leslie, Dealer in Books, Papers, Toys, &c., No. 60 Newark Avenue, Jersey City.

MICKEY FREE.

Uncle Tom and Eva dies.

For the information of our readers, we would remark, that in the drama of Uncle Tom, as performing at the Bowery Theatre, *Uncle Tom is beaten to death*, and *Eva dies beautifully*. Others in the piece are killed off, and in fact, taken all in all, we think the *death penalty* will cause the piece to have a first-rate run. What a strange people we are! How we like to see others die, but when grim death comes knocking at our door, what a change it makes Such is life and death.

"That Lottery."

In an advertisement in the Herald of Friday last, we find the following:

PERHAM'S GIFT TICKETS.—It would seem that there never will be an end to the demand for these tickets.

And it might have been added, with more truth, however, that it would seem *there never would be an end to the selling of them.*

Perham's Gifts.

It is said that the drawing is to take place in Washington, sometime during the month of February. It appears to us that the *drawing* has been going on in this city for several months past.

Great Excitement in Brooklyn.
THE WRESTLERS.

MATCH BETWEEN COIT AND MINGO FOR $200.

Since the great wrestling match in Brooklyn, between Molineaux and Coit, which was won by the latter, there has been an extraordinary degree of excitement manifested by the friends of the respective men, as to their capabilities when matched in a fair and perfectly honest manner, according to the rules of wrestling, there having been some misunderstanding in regard to the former match. Challenges have passed between Coit and Molineaux, but there always appeared to be some obstacle in the way to frustrate the efforts making for a match. Coit having offered to wrestle Molineaux, for $500 a side, the latter agreed to accept the challenge, but offered to make the stakes $1000. This was readily agreed to by the backers of Coit, and they repaired to the house of Molineaux to draw up articles of agreement, but Molineaux wishing the match to be made for three square back falls, out of five, which was not according to the challenge offered by Coit, the latter did not feel bound to accept it, and the match was for the time put off.

Molineaux, however, offered to match a man against Coit for the sum of $100 a side, which was accepted by the backers of Coit, and after Molineaux named his man, Mingo, and produced him, the match was made to take place on Tuesday last, Jan. 17th, at the Three Mile House, Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn. As soon as the match was made, each man went into training for the encounter, and the liveliest interest was soon shown by the citizens of Brooklyn and this city in the sport.

According to the articles of agreement as published in the Clipper last week, the men appeared on the ground at half-past 3, Coit, accompanied by his second, whose name we could not learn, and Mingo, accompanied by Molineaux. Two gentlemen were appointed Judges, and Mr. J. C—y, an old sporter, was chosen Referee. The spot where the match took place was a large yard in the rear of the house capable of accommodating nearly two thousand individuals. Not only was this enclosure filled by anxious spectators, but the roofs of the adjoining buildings and fences were likewise covered. The ground was muddy and disagreeable, notwithstanding the ring had been covered with tan.

As soon as all necessary arrangements had been made, the Judges, Referee, and backers of the men were each presented with a copy of the New York Clipper of Jan. 14, containing the articles of agreement, by which articles the match was to be governed. Coit, who is a man of short stature, being but little over five feet in height, though very muscular and powerful, and weighing about 150 lbs., was dressed in a striped shirt, plaid pants and belt, Mingo a tall man, though we should judge about the same weight as his adversary, was attired in red shirt, canvass drawers and without belt.

Previous to the men entering the ring, Molineaux, the backer of Mingo, appeared, and read the articles of agreement. He then stated that if "Coit won the money, he was perfectly welcome to it, and if we win it, we want it." He then retired to the corner of the ring, and a toss was made by the seconds for choice of hold, which was won by Coit, and the men were then brought to the scratch, betting 15 to 10 on Coit.

1st Tussle.—Coit having taken his favorite hold, a severe struggle took place for the mastery, which lasted several minutes, when Coit succeeded in beautifully throwing his man, thus winning the first fall. Coit was now the favorite at 2 to 1.

2d Tussle.—Both men appeared at the scratch, when Mingo immediately took his favorite hold upon Coit, and at once the wrestlers went into hard work. With his hold, it was apparent that Mingo had the advantage, and in a short time Coit was thrown on two joints, which was declared a file for Mingo.

3d Tussle.—In this round there was much excitement and quarreling by the friends of the wrestlers. The men having appeared at the scratch, took their hold upon each other, and after some sharp work, both men went down, when Coit, it appeared, slipped his hold, and the Second of Mingo, in consequence thereof, claimed the fall for his man. Trouble immediately commenced; the ring was broken into, and there was a fair prospect of a general row. The Judges, in the meantime, were appealed to, who declared no decision would be given until the ring was cleared. Order was soon after partially restored, when the Judge appealed to the Referee for his decision. This gentleman, a good man for the office, by the way, then announced it as his decision that it was a file for Mingo, which, with the file for Mingo in the previous tussle, made a fall for Mingo, thus placing the combatants on an equality, one fall for each man. The backers of Coit objected to Mingo's pants being greased, and his not wearing a belt, which he should have noticed before the match began, and thus prevented unnecessary delay. The Referee decided that Mingo must wear a belt, and after considerable delay, a belt was procured.

4th Tussle.—Mingo, notwithstanding the great majority of those present were opposed to him, came up perfectly game and signified his willingness to submit to anything decided by the referee. The men having frozen on to each other, Coit immediately gave Mingo a fair fall, with apparently but little trouble. Coit's friends in high spirits, carrying their man round the ring on their shoulders. Two falls for Coit—one fall for Mingo.

5th Tussle.—This round was looked upon as the deciding point in the match, and consequently there was great anxiety depicted upon the countenances of the "boys." The friends of Coit were sanguine of success, and offered almost any odds, but there were no takers. On coming up both men looked cheerful and "eager for the fray." A *freeze* took place, and almost instantly a *thaw* succeeded, Mingo being thrown in handsome style by his little opponent. Coit, who thus won the match and the money. The stakes were immediately handed over to the successful party.

REMARKS.

We look upon the above wrestling match as merely a tussle—there was no science displayed, and no strict rules of wrestling observed. Too much time was wasted between the rounds, which, while it benefitted one man, was injurious to the other. One of the bottle-holders should have looked more to the welfare of his man than to have allowed him so many pulls at the bottle, which certainly did not benefit him in the least. As other matches will most certainly grow out of this, we would advise those interested to procure a more suitable place for the exhibition of their muscular powers. In this city, there are several appropriate public buildings, capable of seating a large number of spectators, which can be had at very little expense.

We hope in making rules hereafter for wrestling matches, a clause will be inserted specifying the time allowed between the rounds, and the man not appearing at the scratch at the call of time, to forfeit.

National Theatre.

The drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin is *the* feature at the National Theatre, and still continues its popularity. Little Cordelia Howard, notwithstanding that others of more mature years have attempted the character, is as yet unequalled in her delineation of Eva. Those who have not seen the drama, as represented at the National, have lost a rich treat.

Christy's Minstrels.

The new song, entitled "Ellen Bayne," written by Mr. Foster, expressly for Christy's Minstrels, is a very pretty ballad, and cannot fail of becoming extremely popular. The Burlesque on Jullian's monster Concerts is a laughable affair, and nightly delights crowded assemblages.

Pierce's Benefit.

We hope our readers will bear in mind the fact that Mr. E. H. Pierce, tambourinist in Christy's Minstrels, has a benefit on Saturday evening, 21st inst. Those who desire to spend an evening pleasantly, should by all means drop in at Christy's on the occasion referred to. We look upon Mr. Pierce as the most correct delineator of a "real old cullud gemlen" at present performing in this city, and we believe in so saying we but re-echo the opinion of seven-eights of the amusement-loving community. The entertainments will be varied and attractive, including the new songs of "Ellen Bayne," as sung by Mr. Christy, and "Joanna Snow," as sung by Mr. Pierce, besides a new budget of good things by Pierce and Jerry Bryant. Don't forget, Saturday, of this week.

Battle between a Mexican Pig and the Dog Towney.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14.—The celebrated Mexican Pig Monte, owned by a sporting gentleman of this city, was matched against the Dog Towney, owned by John Marriott, the host of Sportsmens' Hall, for $100 aside.

We arrived at the pit about 7½ P. M., and found the ante-room well filled with various specimens of that wonderful class, ycleped "sporting men." At 7¾ the entrance to the pit was thrown open, and the audience began to assemble. At 8 o'clock the pig was brought into the pit. Monte is a small pig of the peccay species, and weighed about 27 lbs. At ten minutes past 8 John Marriott brought in the dog. Towney is a thorough bred, bull terrier, white body, and rather pinkish round the jaw and fore legs; his weight was stated to be 33 lbs. As soon as he arrived in the room he became very much excited, and while Marriott was taking off his collar, he growled and twisted in a manner that proved he was quite eager to begin the fight. The pig, on the other hand, preserved an equanimity of mind quite refreshing. No sooner had the dog been put into the pit than he rushed at piggy, who, although nothing loth for the encounter, was rolled over in his own corner. A momentary scuffle here ensued, and the dog received a wound which began to bleed rapidly. Another tussle now commenced and the dog gradually drew Monte towards his (the dog's) own corner; a sharp tussle again took place, and Monte bit the dog under the fore shoulder, near the throat, and what made the wound more severe, was the bleeding under the skin, and in a moment quite a swelling was visible. In dragging the pig, one of the dog's feet had been bitten, and the blood flowing from these wounds gave him quite a ghastly appearance; in spite of these, however, he held on, and shook the pig up in the most scientific manner possible, till the corner, and the carpet which was laid on the floor of the pit, were drenched with blood. At 40 minutes past 8, the dog was evidently failing, and piggy not very much the worse for wear. Another rush; piggy was slammed against the floor, and immediately a noise similar to that of bones being broken, was heard. Another rush; Towney again seized the pig by the head, and again was the snapping noise heard; several of Towney's teeth were now picked up. A quarter to 9—Monte failing, and Towney's tail hanging down; every one shouted that Monte was "dead pork," but as he still held on, Towney continued the "shakes" until 10 minutes to 9, when Marriott asserted that he was a dead pig, and asked the company if they were satisfied as to the fact. One person having a bet upon the match said that he could not pay without the dog "scratched." Marriott demurred a little, but at last agreed. $100 to $20 was offered that the dog would "scratch." The dog, on being taken to his corner, scratched most valliantly, and all said they wer satisfied. Time, 50 minutes.

Answers to Correspondents.

NOTICE.

As this department of our paper appears to be growing in favor with our readers, it becomes necessary to state that questions submitted for answers must be sent in early on Tuesday, otherwise they cannot be answered till the following week. Questions not answered must be repeated. No attention given to unpaid letters.

Dramatis.—In order to answer the twenty questions propounded to us in your letter, we would respectfully advise you to purchase a copy of "Wemyss's Chronology of the Stage." You will therein find all the information desired.

P. R.—George Kensett is at present in this city. His first fight with Ned Hammond took place in 1826. It was first pitched at Coney Island, but being driven from there by the Sheriff, the parties retreated to the Union Race Course, where they struck their stakes. After some hard fighting Kensett was declared the winner, though the decision was disputed for a long time. They again met in 1829, and fought their disputed battle over again for a new purse of $500, but Kensett lost, on having fallen without a blow. The match was subsequently offered to be renewed by Kensett for the same amount, but was not taken up by the other parties.

J. S. Dayton, Albany.—"Did Gustavus Brooke ever play at the Broadway Theatre, New York?" Yes, and also at the Astor Place Opera House.

A. W. B., Philad—"What are the rules of the game of Euchre?" We think you will obtain all necessary information in Hoyle's work.

Pedestrian.—Col. Thornton, a celebrated English sporting gentleman, walked four miles in 33 minutes. In leaping, he cleared his own height, being 5 feet 9 inches. We know of no such feats in this country.

Mrs. C. T—, Baltimore.—Your communication in reference to the person engaged at the Bowery Theatre, we have no doubt is true, but its publication would perhaps bring you into difficulty, and as we have no wish to be instrumental in causing you more trouble than you already seem to have, we have concluded not to publish the document. A legal friend advised us on this point.

W. A. R.—Sam O'Rourke, (called the Irish American Champion,) who fought Deaf Burke, at New Orleans, in 1838, was murdered in Canada, near Grenville, on the Ottawa River, on the 8th of Sept., 1845.

Recruit.—"What is the standing army of Great Britain?" The standing army ordinarily kept in Great Britain is under 30,000. About 10,000 are kept in Ireland.

George Brady, Illinois.—Money received and papers sent. The amount will entitle you each to eight months subscription.

A Subscriber.—Papers published on the plan recommended by you seldom succeed. Our large circulation at present does not warrant us in making any alteration. It is best to "let well enough alone." We thank you, however, for your suggestion.

An Actor.—"When did the steamer President start on her last voyage?" The steamship President left New York on the 11th of March, 1841.

P.—WHIST.—The deal passes.

D. Davids.—"1. When was John Mitchell tried? 2. Was he transported for life?" 1. J[illegible] office [illegible] was tried on the 26th of May, nor [illegible] believe he was sentenced to be tr[illegible]ed for 14 years.

T. R. B.—Edwin Forrest is an American by birth.

Tom Johnson, Syracuse.—You will observe we resume the publication of the Life of Tom Spring, the Butcher, in this week's paper. The two battles between Spring and Langan will be given in regular order.

John of York.—We decline your services. The Clipper is not a vehicle for slanderous publications. We wish to show that a sporting paper can be conducted as respectably as any of our daily journals.

Weller.—"1. What is the real name of Bendigo? 2. Is he still living? 3. Has he left the ring? 4. What is his age?"—1. W. Thompson. 2. Yes. 3. We believe he has. 4. Forty-three.

Tommy, Philadelphia.—1. "Please inform me of the particulars of the fight between Andy McLane and Reed, in 1834. 2. Where is McLane now. "1. Jim Reed and Andy McLane fought near Elizabeth-town, in 1834. Reed won by the treachery of McLane to his backers, he having betrayed the fight to one manifestly his inferior, for money. This was the fight at which the Sheriff, who read the riot act, made use of the expression, "Now, gentlemen, I've done my duty, and as you don't seem disposed to go, I'll stay and see it out." Reed is the Lieutenant Reed who raised a company in New Orleans for the Mexican war, and deserted with the traitor Riley. He was recaptured and sentenced to be shot, but was suffered to escape 2. He is quietly attending to his duties as Grain Measurer in Philadelphia.

Ajax.—We will shortly begin the Life and Battles of Donnelly, the Irish Champion.

A Worcester Subscriber.—"In your publication of the 'Lives of the Champions of England, do I understand by your publishing the Life of Randall that he was Champion?" Spring and Cribb held the office, but Randall did not.

L. Cassidy.—"Please inform me if children born in the United States, whose parents are subjects of England or any other foreign country, and have not become citizens of this country, can claim the right of citizenship when they become of age?" Most undoubtedly.

Collegian.—Thank you. Article in.

Ned Smith—ALL FOURS.—The person who held high and low wins

Harry.—Molineaux, of Brooklyn, the wrestler, is no relation to Molineaux of Tom Cribb notoriety. Hewlitt is the name of the Brooklyn Molineaux. He is a scientific sparrer, as well as wrestler

S. T.—He died last summer.

X. X.—We should think not.

B. A. Redford.—Not according to the rules and regulations of the prize ring.

H. R.—"Who is the Champion of Light Weights in England? 2. Did Johnny Walker ever hold that position? 3. Was a match ever talked of between that gentleman and Dublin Tricks? 4. Has not sufficient time elapsed to hear from the Tipton Slasher concerning the challenge sent him from New York?"—1. Bill Hayes. 2. Yes. 3. We believe such a match was talked of. 2. We cannot account for no answer being received.

Boatman Guard.—Your communication was received, but unavoidably crowded out last week. You will find it in this week's Clipper.

Capt. Kidd, Lansingburgh.—The best works on the games you refer to, can be had at the stores of agents for British publications. The steamship Great Britain was the largest vessel in the world.

D. H. Hartsel, Philada.—You will get a package containing the papers you sent for, by applying to Mr Winch, our agent, at No. 116 Chesnut street.

Hyer.

Next week will be continued the particulars of the great battle between Hyer and Sullivan. Those who desire to retain a report of this deeply axciting combat, should secure a copy of the Clipper early.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—European Mail per U. S. M. S. BALTIC, will close at this office on the 21st inst, at 10½ A. M.
ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.
January 15, 1854.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—Mails for California, &c., per U. S. M. S. GEORGE LAW, will close at this office on the 20th inst., at 1 P. M.
ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.
Jan. 15, 1854.

A Good Meal.

There are many places where a meal may be procured, but very few where may be had a really good one. Of this latter class we can with confidence recommend Weeks' Eating House, No. 83 Nassau street, as being at the head of the list. Here may be procured the various delicacies of the season cooked in delicious style, and seeming to say to hungry men "come and eat me." Those fond of the good things of this life, should not fail to call in at Week's 85 Nassau street

New Music.

Waters, the great Music Publisher, of 333 Broadway, has just published some new and beautiful music, among which may be mentioned the following.

"Let us speak of a man as we find him," song and chorus, words by Jas. Simmonds, music by J. R. Thomas. This truly meritorious production is dedicated to the Hon. John P. Hale;—the words embody a moral, which, if taken to heart and practiced, would be of infinite benefit to mankind, the melody is sweet, and the arrangement of the accompaniments speak well for the ability of the composer.

"My Heart is like a faded flower," as sung by Mr. J. B. Howe, in the Moral drama of "Katy the Hot Corn Girl," now performing at the National Theatre.

"The Flower Queen Schottisch," composed and arranged by H. E. Mathews.

"St. Claire to Little Eva in Heaven," words and Music by Geo. C. Howard. This is a very pretty piece of music and is much sought after.

"Oh! I'se so wicked," as sung by Mrs. C. Howard, in the character of Topsy, in Uncle Tom's Cabin. Words and music by Mr. G. C. Howard.

"Little Katy's Voice," as sung by Little Cordelia Howard in the drama of Little Katy the Hot Corn Girl.

"Uncle Tom's Religion," as sung in the moral drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Words and music by G. C. Howard.

Preparing for the Campaign.

In anticipation of a great increase to the business of our city, during the coming spring, Hiram Anderson, the Great Carpet Dealer, of 99 Bowery, is now, and has been for some time past, busily engaged in importing an immense stock of the most rare and beautiful carpetings ever before brought to this market. In fact, many patterns can be purchased at no other store in the city, inasmuch as the great scarcity of the articles precludes all possibility of other dealers obtaining a supply, owing to their tardiness in making arrangements for the spring. Grea bargains can be had at 99 at the present time, and those who need Carpets, Rugs, &c., &c., can have no better opportunity than the present to make their selections. The different salesrooms of the vast establishment of Mr. Anderson are well suited to display the beauties of the fabrics offered for sale. A call at 99 Bowery is time well spent.

"Take it, I implore thee."

It was a fashionable young gent who uttered the above, in answer to a young lady, who, in looking into the hat of her visitor, discovered therein his daguerreotype likeness, and applied for the same; the hat was manufactured by Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, of No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl. These gentlemen are the inventors of the Daguerrean Hat, and of course are the only ones who have the right to sell it. Notwithstanding the great demand for this style of hat, the manufacturers, owing to the number of hands employed, are fully able to supply all who apply. As the likeness of each customer is given free of additional cost, and as the hats are sold at the lowest rates, of course it is to the interest of those wishing a new hat to call at either of the above stores.

"The Soul of Music."

There can be no amusement more pleasing in its enjoyment, than music. Where you see the members of a family even partially acquainted with the rudiments of music, there will you find true affection and happiness. That there is a more extended desire to obtain a theoretical and practical knowledge of music is becoming more and more apparent. Mr. Horace Waters, of the great Musical Repository, No. 333 Broadway, who is sole Agent for T. Gilbert & Co.'s Aeolian Piano Forte, is kept quite busy in attending to the numerous orders for this grand instrument. Those who have heard the delicious tones of the Aeolian Piano, freely acknowledge its superiority over all others. S. D. & H. W. Smith's Melodeons, of which Mr. Waters is also exclusive agent, are attracting the attention of the Musical World. Don't forget, No. 333 Broadway, the Grand Musical Repository of Mr. Horace Waters.

"It is a nipping and an eager air."

Yes, and it is just such nipping and eager airs that tend to chap your hands and face, and render them not only loathsome to look upon, but extremely painful. To avoid every thing of this kind, you should at once procure a cake of Dr. Gouraud's Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, which at once prevents chaps, and where you have been afflicted, will cause their removal. Try it once, and you will not regret it. And whilst speaking on the subject of cosmetics, we should not forget to remind our readers that Dr. Gouraud's Liquid Hair Dye will instantly change red, light or grey hair to a glossy brown or black. Poudres Subtiles will eradicate superfluous hair from any part of the body, and Lily White will impart a delightful complexion to the skin. Dr. Gouraud's office is at No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway

A Well Dressed People.

It is the general remark of strangers visiting the city of New York that the male portion of the community are the best dressed people to be found throughout the United States. With such gentlemen engaged in the Clothing business as Drumgold & Proch, proprietors of the Empire Clothing Warehouse, No. 120 Fulton street, four doors from Nassau, it is no wonder that such is the fact. Those who deal with these gentlemen are sure to be well pleased, both in the articles purchased and in the fit. Drop in.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

AT THE CELEBRATED LARGEST AND CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, No. 99 Bowery, New York,

HIRAM ANDERSON.

EIGHT SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Sales Room No. 1

CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortmen of Hare's celebrated English and American Floo Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide

Sales Room No. 2.

THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparalleled low prices, from 5s. to 6s. 6d. per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.

Sales Room No. 3.

CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

Sales Room No. 4.

CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s 6d., and 4s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 5.

DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1¼, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s. 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s. per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.

Sales Room No. 6.

IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 7.

ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English Manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

Sales Room No. 8.

Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace.

Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 16s., and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold at twenty per cent. less than any other establishment in the United States.

HIRAM ANDERSON,
99 BOWERY.

N. B.—Families and Merchants visiting the great metropolis, will find it much to their advantage to examine this enormous stock. feb 253m

Christy's American Opera House.

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The well known original, far famed and only
CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
Organized in 1842.
The first and oldest established company in xistence.
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.
THE COMPANY,
Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.
Admission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'clock; commence at 7½ o'clock.

National Theatre.

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom,	Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire,	Siple.
Gumpton Cute,	H. Stone.
Eva,	Little Cordelia Howard.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS.
The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at the National Theatre every night since the 18th of July, and in which the youthful wonder, Little Cordelia Howard, appears as the gentle Eva,
WILL BE CONTINUED
EVERY EVENING DURING THE YEAR
and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Admission 25 cents to dress circle. Remember the National Theatre is situated in Chatham street, near Roosevelt, and that is the only place in which the correct version from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work can be witnessed in New York.
☞ Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cts; Orchestra Arm Chairs, 50 cts; Exclusive Private Boxes, $5; One Person to Private Box, $1. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock.

City Amusements.

The Strangers' Guide.

[Any omissions, alterations, or corrections, in the following list, will be attended to, on the fact being made known at our Office.]

The following list at once points out to stranger and others, the localities of every place of amusement in New-York City, together with the prices of admission, time of opening, and much other useful information, not to be found in any other journal.

Bowery Theatre.
Bowery, Between Bayard and Walker-street.
Pit and Lower Circles of Boxes.
Prices of Admission:
First Second and Third Circles of Boxes, 25 cts.
Pit and Gallery ..... 12½ cts.
Manager, ... E. D. Stevens,
Treasurer, ... Mr. Waldron,
Assistant Treasurer, ... F. E. Wemyss.
Doors open at 7,—commence at half-past 7.
Company:

Mr E. Eddy,	Mr R. Johnston,
Mr Glenn,	Mr J. Winans,
Mr J. Dunn,	Mr Hamilton,
Mr Stevens,	Mr Collins,
Mr Lamb,	Mr Stone,
Mr Leffingwell.	
Mrs Parker,	Mrs Dunn,
Mrs Monell,	Miss Hiffert,
Miss Somers.	

Burton's Theatre.
Chamber's-Street, opposite the Park.
Manager ..... Mr. W. E. Burton.
Parquette, First and Second circle of Boxes.
Admission to all parts of the house 50 cts.
Doors open at 7,—commence at half-past 7.
Company:

Mr Burton,	Mr Holland,
Russell,	T. Johnson,
Jordan,	Barrett,
Norton,	Fisher,
Andrews,	Radcliff,
Levere,	Moore,
Mrs Buckland,	Mrs Hughes,
Burton,	Brunton,
Cooke,	Hough,
Miss Julia Gilbey,	Miss Raymond,

Wallack's Theatre.
Broadway, near Broome-Street.
Parquette, Dress and Family Circle.
Parquette and DressCircle 50 cts., Family Circle 25 cts.
Lessee ..... Mr. Wallack.
Stage Manager .... Mr. Lester.
Treasurer ..... Mr. Charles Wallack.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances commence at half-past 7.
The following are the names of the members of the Company:

Mr. Blake,	Mr. Lester,
Mr. Brougham,	Mr. Walcot,
Mr. Lysander Thompson,	Mr. Dyott,
Mr. Reynolds,	Mr. F. A. Vincent,
Mr. H. B. Phillips,	Mr. Mr. F. Chippendale,
Mr. Lyster,	Mr. Rea,
Mr. Chandler,	Mr. Bernard,
Mr. Browne,	Mr. Oliver,
Mr. Burke,	Mr. Thomas,
and Mr. Wallack.	
Miss Laura Keene,	Mrs. Brougham,
Mrs. Conway,	Mrs. Cramer,
Mrs. Stevens,	Mrs. Isherwood,
Mrs. Conover,	Mrs. Browne,
Miss Esmond,	Miss Julia Gould,
Mrs. Walcot,	Miss Norval,
Miss Taylcure	Miss Osborne.
Mrs. Blake.	

National Theatre.
Chatham-Street, between Roosevelt and James.
Manager ..... Mr Purdy
Dress Circle and Boxes ..... 25 cts.
Parquette for colored people ..... 25 cts.
Doors open at 7½,—commence at 8 o'clock.
Company:

Mr. Prior,	Mr. J. Lingard,
J. B. Howe,	H. Stone,
G. W. L. Fox,	N. B. Clarke,
Herbert,	J. B. Terry,
L. Fox,	McDonnell,
Toulmin,	Rose,
T. Blake,	G. Lingard,
Mack,	Daymond,
Lyons,	Mitchell,
Cilline,	Smith,
Master Murray.	
Mrs. G. C. Howard,	Mrs. J. J. Prior,
Lingard,	Myers.
Bannister,	
Miss Fanno Saunders,	Miss Barber,

From "Bell's Life in London."

The Game of Chess.

Great Chess Match between Harrwitz and Lowenthal; won by Harrwitz.

This extraordinary match has at length come to a close, the conquering game being won on Wednesday by Mr. Harrwitz. The record of play has, in this case, presented the most curious changes ever seen in a chess match, and we shall glance once more over the details, first stating that the total score stands twelve drawn games while Harrwitz scores eleven won games to Lowenthal's ten games. The play began in September, the parties to play three days a week; games to be adjourned only after twelve hours' sitting; certain forfeits; of games to be paid for non-attendance; drawn games not to count; and the hundred gameas staked to be given to the champion first winning eleven games. Harrwitz won the two first games. We have purposely abstained from commenting on the qualities of the men during the play, but always considered Harrwitz slightly the stronger, and with the two first games in hand, naturally set it down that he must win, and felt therefore great surprise on hearing that he had lost seven games in succession, being severely indisposed. Now, we have seen more cases than one of mighty chess players pleading illness when beaten, that we at first fancied this might be a repetition of the "tournament dodge," but found Harrwitz really very ill and unfit for all mental exertion. By an absurd regulation, he could only obtain a week's holiday by paying a forfeit of two games. This he did, by the advice of his friends; went to Brighton for a week, came back in good health and spirits, faced his opponent boldly, and has finally won the match. Comparisons between the early and last games, show how much beneath himself Harrwitz played at first, and fully bear out the fact of his then severe bodily indisposition. He has proved himself every way a stronger player than Lowenthall, and has fairly borne off the laurel leaf. At the same time we must do justice to Lowenthal's high qualities, and are happy for his sake to state that he yields to defeat in the most gentlemanly and honorable manner, attributing it solely to the real cause that he was out-played, and not descending to make any shabby excuses about either "head-ache," or "heart-affection." After the players stood 10 and 10, the interest rose to the highest point. The next game presents a superb specimen of play on the part of Mr. Harrwitz, who at one time had a winning position, but, we believe missed the game move, and Lowenthal drew by perpetual check. The conquering game is a fair specimen of the powers of the players, and Harrwitz finally out-generals his adversary. Throughout the match we fancy Harrwitz too inattentive to the openings; Lowenthal generally crowds him up; but then, driven into a corner, Harrwitz warms to the work, and his genius elicits resources unsuspected by the bystander. Lowenthal, we repeat, is a player of the first class, and of the highest order of the art; especially daring when a sacrifice looks good, but sometimes over-daring this way, and not seeing quite all the consequences. We notice that Lowenthal frequently loses a game after having a winning position; but that Harrwitz rarely indeed relaxes hold once acquired. Lowenthal is a much slower player than Harrwitz; but this is not to his detriment, as, we believe, the latter could sometimes have mended his move by prolonged consideration. Lowenthal, in the last game, paid once thirty shillings forfeit, and took nearly fifty minutes over one move; a fine being imposed if any move occupied more than twenty minutes. In some of the games we fancy Lowenthal purposely delayed his moves in order to work on the nerves of his antagonist; thus, in the first sitting of the last game but one. Lowenthal averaged eighteen minutes over every move throughout the day, and forfeited a pound just upon midnight, to manage to be left with the turn to move next sitting. In this delay Lowenthal has yielded, we believe, to the advice of people about him, calling themselves friends: but exposes himself to the inference, however unfounded, that all this delay was to secure an adjournment to analyze the position with his "friends." Lowenthal should have been more independant, and should have played in the London Club, or St. George's Club, where the chess players could have seen the moves repeated as played in the public room. This leaves us naturally to notice the many paltry insults cast upon Harrwitz by a certain part of the press during this match, evidently for the dirty purpose of injuring his play by working on his known highly susceptible and nervous temperament. Thus, in one number of the Chess Player's Chronicle, we find an anonymous scribbler describing Harrwitz as rushing in a state of bewilderment to Brighton, to recover from the stunning effects of the severe "pommelling" administered by Lowenthal; a delicate and gentlemanly way truly of writing on the occasion. In the notes of the games, too, from the same source Harrwitz is characterized as a mere chess imposter, and his adversary is deliciously depicted when winning, as the "lynx-eyed" Hungarian. We shall be curious to see now to what occulist Lowenthal will be recommended by the same eloquent pen, to get his "lynx-eyes" couched and cleared. Again, in a late number of the Illustrated News, we find certain sham correspondents gravely told that both Anderssen and Von der Lasa could give Harrwitz pawn and move. It must be consolatory to Harrwitz to recollect that when Anderssen licked the best men of the pretended tournament here, two years back, he also was allowed to be but a very poor card indeed, and that if Harrwitz would leave the country, and like Anderssen, be very little likely to return, he would be exalted also into the character of a star of the first magnitude. That all these malignant flings did in some degree tell upon Harrwitz there is no doubt, from the fact of the latter losing his temper, and retorting in the severe terms he has done in his British Chess Review. Harrwitz should rather have recollected the fable of the viper knawing the file, and laughed at the impotent attempt thus made to run him down. Speaking of the British Chess Review, we recommend our friends to play over the games of this match, with the scientific notes thereto appended by Harrwitz himself. Many apparent modes of improved play are there shown to be unsound, and we always hold that it is only the players' themselves whose remarks are of value. The labors of a match like this can only be duly estimated by weighing the intellectual wear and tear consequent upon playing twelve hours at a sitting, thrice a week from Michaelmas to Christmas. We do not know whether these great players will make up another match, but we know that Harrwitz is ready and anxious to play a match with any player in the world, for a cool hundred or so aside; the games to be played in a private room at the London Club.

The Game of Chess.

Sixteenth game of match 'betwen Lowenthal and Harwitz.

Black. Mr. H.	White. Mr. L.
1. Q P 2	Q P 2
2. Q B P 2	K P 1
3. Q Kt to B 3	K Kt to B 3
4. B to K B 4	Q R P 1
5. K P 1	Q B P 2
6. K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
7. Q B P 1	B to K 2
8. Q P x P	K B x P
9. Q Kt P 2	B to Q 3
10. B x B	Q x B
11. Q B P 1	Q to K 2
12. B to K 2	Castles
13. Castles	R to Q sq
14. R to Q B sq	K P 1
15. R to K sq	K R P 1
16. Q to B 2	B to K 3
17. Q Kt P 1	P x P
18. Kt x Q Kt P	Kt to K 5
19. Kt to Q 2	Kt x Kt
20. Q x Kt	Q P 1
21. B to K B 3	Kt to R 4
22. Q to Q Kt 4	Kt to Q Kt 6
23. R to Q Kt sq	Kt x Q B P
24. P x P	P x P
25. Q R to B sq	K R to Q B sq
26. Kt x Q P	R to R 5
27. Q x R	Kt x Q
28. R x R x	K to R 2
29. Kt x B	P x Kt
30. B to K 4 x	K Kt P 1
31. K R to Q B sq	Kt to Kt 3
32. Q R to B 7	Kt to Q 2
33. K R to Q sq	Q x P
34. K R x Kt x	K to Kt sq
35. R to Bx, and White resigned.	

Yachting in the Mediterranean.

We have been favored with the following from a yachting friend in the Mediterranean:—

——cutter, 18 tons, Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland. *Leghorn*, Dec. 11, 1853.

DEAR ——. * * * I must preface by saying that with so small a craft, and at such a distance from England, I do, as other yachtsmen do likewise, *i. e.*, I have a foreign crew, consisting of Neapolitans and Genoese, all excellent and steady sailors. On the 30th Nov., at 4:30 p. m., I was off Viareggia, on the coast of Tuscany, after my cruise from Naples to Genoa We had but little wind during the day, but at the hour above mentioned it freshened considerably from north-west, and with all plain sail we spanked along merrily, with a free sheet, reeling off five knots, and laying down for Leghorn. At 5:30 p. m. the wind veered to north and east, well off the land, and came off to blow; in two reefs in mainsail and one in foresail. At 6 p. m. hauled down third reef in mainsail, set storm jib half out on bowsprit, housed the topmast, and made all snug for dirty weather; wind right out from Leghorn—heavy sea rapidly getting up—and the spoon-drift flying in clouds. At 7 p. m. I renounced all idea of working into Leghorn. Night coming on, and having the dangerous Malora bank before me, I determined, therefore, to work into a snug berth under the land of Monte Nero. Eight o'clock, p. m.—a whole gale; held a yarn with the old hands, and decided upon running for the island of Elba; accordingly I stowed the mainsail, bent the trysail, double-reefed it, and stowed the jib. It was now blowing a hurricane, and the sea tremendous; under our double reefed trysail and reefed foresail we ran per log 10½ knots an hour. All night the weather continued the same—three heavy seas struck us, but, fortunately, without injuring us. The little M—— behaved most excellently. I cannot express to you how much I was pleased with her performance. She was perfectly easy throughout the gale, steered beautifully, and was as light as a sea-gull. We were compelled to douse the foresail altogether several times. Two large brigs foundered near us, all hands lost in one of them; and two large "paranzellas," laden with coffee and sugar, foundered in the canal of Piombino, all hands lost. Another brig put back to Porto Ferrajo, with loss of main yard. We arrived safe and well in Porto Ferrajo (island of Elba) at noon, on Thursday, to the great astonishment of the natives, at beholding a little 18 ton cutter living after such a night. Four hours later the "paranzella," which conveys the post to Piombino, had to bear up on account of the heavy sea; she was half as large again as the M——. Porto Ferrajo is in every respect a most charming place, and a capital harbor for yachts. I left Porto Ferrajo on Sunday at 7:30 a. m., and arrived here (Leghorn) at 3 a. m., on Monday; very little wind. I have suffered so much inconvenience here that I shall never think of entering it again. Of all the ports I know, Leghorn is the worst. I cannot help observing that the *Sailing Directory* of 1832, by John Purdy, has laid down the position of, and the depths of water in the Mal di Vetro very loosely and incorrectly; and I should also advise any yachtsmen intending to visit Leghorn to look out *sharp* for the coffer-dams lately sunk *considerably outside* the lighthouse, and which are impossible to be distinguished at night, no light being exhibited in any of them. To touch on one of them would be certain destruction to a vesssel * * *.—Yours, &c.

Sporting Songs.

Some of the many sporting-songs of "Old England" are spirited and refreshing, and stir the pleasant, 'animal' in man as with the sound of a trumpet, with the 'tan-tarra, tan-tarra' of the huntsman's horn, while a pack of imaginary hounds are following in full-cry. But we are afraid American poetical sporting-literature is deficient in some important particulars: at least, if we may judge from a specimen which has been forwarded to us, and which commences in this wise:

'He took his dog and gun,
And went into the field;
He hunted all the day,
But nothing did he kill.'

Bad luck, and worse poetry! Coming home from this 'sorry day's sport,' an accident befel, the nature of which may be gathered from the following quatrain:

'The black horses did run, and the wagon did spill:
Plague take the black horses!—for sell 'em I will!'

TRIAL OF THE ROYAL GEORGE, 120 GUNS.

A trial of considerable importance took place on Tuesday, which has fully set at rest the doubts entertained in many quarters as to the utility of converting old 120 gun ships of the royal navy into screw propellor steamships without cutting them in two, and lengthening them, to adapt them to the new mode of auxiliary propulsion. The success which attended the lengthening of the Duke of Wellington, 131, screw steam ship, induced the authorities at the Admirality to make an experiment on the Royal George, 120, to ascertain the speed that would be obtained by fitting her with engines, of 400 horse power without cutting her in two, or making any other alteration except the cutting out of the dead wood at the stern for the reception of the screw, and making a well for the purpose of taking it upon deck. A contract was consequently entered into with John Penn and Sons, to fit the Royal George, 120, with their patent trunk engines of 400 horse power. On being reported ready for commission, Captain Henry J. Codrington, C. B., was appointed to her and under his immediate superintendence she has been made ready for sea at Sheerness. The steam was got up at early hour, and a large quantity of shot and shells having been taken on board the previous day, and the whole of her 120 guns, with howitzers for boat service, and other stores, being placed in their positions, her draught of water 22 feet 10 inches forward, and 23 feet 10 inches aft, she left Sheerness at half-past nine o'clock a. m., having on board Captain Codrington, C. B., and Captain George Goldsmith, of the Horatio screw steam frigate. On arriving at the Nore the course of the ship was laid for the Mouse Light, distant 7½ knots and 100 yards, the wind being at about two points before the beam, and in force 5 to 6. The run to the Mouse Light was made in one hour and 15 seconds, which gave a rate of speed against tide of 7·7 nautical miles over the ground. The resistance of tide was 1·5 knots on the average, giving an actual speed of 9·2 knots against a strong breeze. The revolutions of the engines were at an average of 62 per minute, the maximum being 63. On arriving at the Mouse it was slack water, and on the relurn the rate of speed against tide, taking the distance from the Mouse to the Nore, was 9·05 knots per hour over the ground. The second run gave a rate through the water of 9·55 knots per hour. The mean of the two runs made an average speed of 9·375 knots. From the Nore Light to the Garrison Point, a distance of 3·5 miles, was run in 23 minutes, a speed equal to 9·13 knots over the ground. The tide against the ship, as determined by the Sheerness pilot and the Master of the Royal George, was of the Nore one knot, and off Garrison Point 2½ knots; the speed, therefore, in smooth water was 10·13 knots, After the most careful calculations and observations it was unanimously agreed that she went at the rate of 10½ knots per hour for that distance. When the Royal George passed Garrison Point, she held on to Blackstokes, to take in her powder, and left the Medway for Devenport. The pilot describes the ship as the most easy he ever had to steer, and there was scarcely any perceptible vibration in the gun room, over the screw propeller.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

At the East Hants Cricket and Shooting Grounds, Southsea, Portsmouth, several matches, open to all, came off on Thursday, the 15th inst., with double guns, 1¼ oz shot, 21 yards rise, 80 boundary. The first match between Messrs. H. Hookey and W. C. Evans, for £2 a side, at 5 birds each, was won by the former, who killed 3 out of 4; Mr. Evans, 2 out of 5. The second match, at 5 birds each, for a bet of 50s to 40s, between Messrs. R. Lane and Rusbridge, was won by Mr. Lane, who killed 4 out of his 5. After this several open sweepstakes came off; for the first, eight gentlemen entered, £1 each, at 5 birds each. It was divided between Messrs. R. Lane and H. Hookey, who each killed 4 out of 5. In the second sweepstakes, H. Hookey, Esq. obtained first prize, having killed all his birds; the second prize was divided between Messrs. W. Blackburn, W. C. Evans, and Major Deane, who killed 4 out 5; the third was divided between Messrs. J. Frances, W. Burnebey, W. Blackburn, and Major Deane, who killed 4 out of 5; in the fourth J. Frances, Esq., got the first prize, killing all his birds; the second was divided between Messrs. W. Evans and W. Herries. The fifth, at 3 birds each, was divided between W. C. Evans, J. Frances, and W. Blackburn, Esq., who killed all. In the course of the afternoon a full grown snipe flew over the grounds, which was shot in gallant style, at a distance of 60 yards, by Mr. Hookey. On Tuesday, the 20th inst., several other matches came off with guns, 1½ oz shot, 21 yards rise, and 80 boundary. The first match, at 30 birds each, for £25 a side between H. Hookey and W. C. Evans, Esqs., was won by the former, killing 20 out of 28, his opponent only 18 out of 29. The second match, at 12 birds each, for £5 aside, between H. Hookey and G. H. Edwards, Esqs., was also won by Mr. Hookey, killing 9 out of 11, Mr. Edwards but 6 out of 10. The third match, at 7 birds each, for £3 aside, between Mr. Hookey and Mr. F. Rendell, jun., was won by the latter, killing 5 out of 7, Mr. Hookey only 4 out of the same number. Fourth match, at 5 birds each, for £1 aside, between Messrs. Hookey and W. C. Evans, was won by the latter, killing all his birds, Mr. Hookey only 3. Fifth match, at 6 birds, between Messrs. W. C. Evans and W. Blackburn ended in a tie, which was shot off at 3 birds each, and won by Mr. B., who killed two birds in succession, Mr. Evans missing two.

Hadn't the Means.

There was some considerable meaning in the reply given to a rich, pompous, and 'within-bounds' hard-drinker, (who every day drank *just* too much, and not *much* too much,) by a toper who would get drunk whenever he had an opportunity: 'Jim, why do you make a beast of yourself, in this way? Why don't you drink like a gentleman? Why don't you drink as *I* do?' 'I w-w-ould, Colonel, *if I had the means*,—haven't the *m-m-eans*, Colonel!" The by-standers, who well knew how much more the 'Colonel' could and did drink than his weaker-headed brother, laughed loud and long at the 'palpable hit.'

TURKISH TORTURE.

"Listen to me," said Rodrigo, raising his voice. Poor Aslan was by this time trembling from head to foot, his cheek, and lips, and hands looked completely bloodless. "Hear what you have to choose if you refuse to make a full confession of the truth. Do you know the meaning of that ugly bed there, that looks so much like an iron ladder? Do you know its use? We will have you laid on that couch for case, when you have been flogged till your back looks like a blood puddle; and that ladder will draw out your legs and arms some inches beyond their natural length, and let them back again with a jerk that shall make all the joints and sinews in your body crack like a report of pistols. If you are still stubborn, we will have your hands tied finger to finger; and one of those men shall, with a hammer, drive in wooden splinters between your nails and flesh. And if that fail to soften your perverseness, we will have lighted candles held to your face and nostrils, till the flame and smoke shall go up your nostrils to your very brain, and set it swimming in a fiery intoxication of torment and anguish. Take your choice." "My God! my God!" murmured the prisoner, pressing his hands hard together in his agony. "Now, whining Jew," said the Pacha; "tell us where you last saw the monk, and speak without muttering." "In your father's house, doubtless," said the Consul. "No," stammered the prisoner. "Where then, young man? Recollect yonr thoughts. Where was it?" But Aslan seemed to have lost all power of collecting his thoughts. He glanced wildly round the hall, his eye wandering over the walls and roof, but without seeing either. "Seize him," roared the Pacha, in a voice of thunder. "Seize the stubborn young rogue, and plunge him in the tank. Take hold of his arms and legs and set him swimming." As the two Kavases, with their bloody arms and shirts, advanced towards him, the poor lad uttered a fearful cry, and fell down on his knees before the Pacha. He could not get out a word, for his throat seemed burning, and his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; but he kissed the border of the Pacha's robes, and even the stones at his feet. "Bishmallah! a cold bath will restore your senses, Oh, Jew," said the Pacha, who was accustomed to entertain the unhappy Hebrews, in their agonies, with facetious and lively jests. "There are not many of your race who would be the worse for washing. Take hold of him." The prisoner was immediately seized, and carried in the powerful arms of the two Kavases to the tank in the middle of the hall. These men plunged him into the water in his clothes, forcing his head under it, with breathing intervals, just sufficient to escape suffocation. This soaking was one of the tortures, and it was sometimes carried on for hours together. Aslan, whose feeble bodily powers were already quite exhausted, made hardly any resistance, even the convulsive struggles that nature would make by instinct, soon ceased in the poor lad. For the first two or three moments he felt all the horrors of strangulation. The arteries of his head and chest seemed as if they were ready to burst, a hollow ringing sounded in his ears, fiery circles seemed to ooze up out of his brain and swim before his eyes. Then, as the water began to soak through all his clothes to his skin, a cold, wretched, dreadful sensation of miserable numbness and pain, began to take possession of his whole body. "Draw him out," said the Pacha, after his experiment had continued about ten minutes. And then the whole divan, Christians and Turks, rose up and stood about the tank, while the poor wretch was drawn out half lifeless, and held in the arms of the executioners; with the water streaming from his ears, nostrils, and his long silk robes; and the Pacha appealed to his physician, Dr. Massori, who was present; and whose part in the business was to give notice when the unhappy victims were come to within their last gasp.

PEDESTRIANISM.

At Birmingham, &c.

BURNS AND PHILLIPS.—Samuel Burns of Darlaston and Boulton Phillips of Birmingham ran 130 yards, for £15 aside, on Monday, at Northfield. It will be recollected that these well-known men were originally matched to run on the 14th of last month, but the race was postponed by Burns giving Phillips £1 for it to come off on the 21st. On that day another disappointment took place, Burns not showing on the ground, owing to his having claimed forfeit, Phillips' money not having reached us until the Saturday morning. Burns, however, waived his claim, and entered into fresh articles, increasing the stakes from £10 to £15 a side, and to run at Northfield, seven miles from Birmingham [Phillips allowing £1 for choice of ground,] and they met on the above named day, both appearing in the best possible condition. The betting was at evens at first, but afterwards the Burnites freely offered 2 to 1, and a good deal of money changed hands. After seven false starts, Burns led off, closely followed by Phillips, who at the three score yards was up with him, and they kept together up to six score yards, when Burns gradually went in advance, and ran in a winner by one yard.

PARKENS AND LACK.—Joseph Parkens of Birmingham and Charles Lack of Wolverhampton met on Monday, at the Albion Grounds, Wolverhampton, to run a quarter of a mile, for £10 a side. There was a good sprinkling of spectators present, but not a great deal of money speculated. Lack had the call at 5 and 6 to 4. He is full six inches shorter than his opponent, Parkens, who is well known, but on the present occasion not much fancied. Both men looked in first-rate condition and spirits. They got off at the third pull, Parkens taking the lead for half the distance, Lack being close to his heels, and at three quarter distance Lack was first. A severe struggle ensued, but Lack maintained his position, and ran in a winner by half a yard.

GEO. LEGGET AND T. HOLDEN.—These Birmingham novices met on the 29th November, and ran six score yards, for £3 a side, when Holden was the winner by half a yard. They ran again on Wednesday the like distance, for £5 aside, on the Coventry road. The weather was wet and cold, and the ground heavy, but Legget's friends were confident, and betting was at first at evens, and afterwards they laid 2 to 1 on him, which was taken freely. They got off at the second pull, Holden having the lead by a full yard, which he maintained up to four score, when Legget breasted him. Both men struggled hard for the lead, which, within six yards of home, Legget succeeded in gaining, winning by a quarter of a yard [according to the decision of the referee, Mr. Yates.] Many contended it was a dead heat, but Legget has received the stakes.

Watson and Lee.

The men just named are Thos. Watson of Helshaw Moor and Levi Lee of Bolton, and this event purported to be a race for £5 each, and the distance agreed upon was one mile. The betting was 3 to 1 on Watson, whose daily occupation is confined to the "diggings" of black diamonds, he being employed as a collier in one of the pits, which are so numerous in the neighborhood in which he resides. This contest, however, turned out a perfect parody on pedestrianism, Watson taking the lead at about one degree above a good walking pace, but even this speed proved too swift for Lee, for, after remaining behind his opponent for some distance, he gave up altogether when he had traversed 600 yards, and the "black diamond" went over the remainder of the distance, as he commenced, quite at his leisure. With respect to the 'racing' capabilities of Lee, we may say that it requires no course to be kept clear for an exhibition of his prowess, the principal street of his own town would be a suitable arena; for, at the speed he goes, neither himself nor anybody else would be injured, even if he were to come into collision. Surely those persons who have persuaded him that he possesses the slightest particle of pedestrian qualification, must—to use a well known phrase in Bolton—have been "trotting him."

CAUTION TO "GENTS."

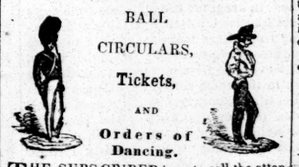
At Bow-street, on Tuesday, Mr. William Carpenter, of Park Villss, Stratford Green, and Mr. Frederic Goode, of Arundal House, Percy-grove, Fullham, were charged with creating a disturbance at the Olympic Theatre, and assaulting the officials.—It appeared that Carpenter entered the theatre at about ten o'clock, and, shortly afterwards, on recognizing his friend Goode, in another box, he saluted him, and then left his own seat to join company with the latter. They entered into conversation in an audible voice, much to the annoyance of the audience, and were repeatedly requested to speak in an under tone, but Carpenter manifested such contemptuous indifference to these solicitations, that a general cry of "Turn him out" arose in consequence. At length, such was the confusion in the house, that none could hear a syllable of the trio from "Don Pasquale," which was sung upon the stage. It was further proved by Mr. Mitchen, sub-treasurer, and by Antcliffe, the constable attached to the theatre, that after the first defendant had been ejected from the house, Goode went into the lobby, demanded the re-admission of his friend, or his money, collared the officer, and behaved with such violence, that Mr. Mitchen's coat was torn to pieces.—The defendants complained of undue interference, in the first place, and undue violence afterwards. Carpenter called two constables, F 4 and 34, to prove that he was sober, but they agreed in stating that he was drunk.—Mr. Jardine said the defendants had conducted themselves very disgracefully throughout. With respect to Goode, he had not the poor excuse of being drunk. He should fine both of them in the full penalty of £5 each, or six week's imprisonment.—The fines were paid, and Mr. Mitchen was advised to sue Goode in the county court, if he did not compensate him for the damage done to his coat.

Political Anecdotes.

The politicians occasionally say a good thing. I fear stump-oratory, at its best estate, is altogether vanity; an immeasurable waste—'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' The stray sun-beam of wit or humor is all the more attractive in so melancholy a desert. I have often thought of a shot from Tom Walpole's bow, that transfixed Abe Hammond. Both were candidates for the State Senate. Walpole, an old stager, cunning as a fox, a good speaker, and thoroughly acquainted with the people; Hammond, a man of talents, but a novice in the field. After a period spent in the ordinary process of electioneering, a meeting was held at the county-town, where all the candidates were to appear and make speeches. Hammond had satisfied himself that he was pursuing a 'cold trail,' and in his turn to speak, told the sovereign public that he had been a candidate nine days, and having convinced himself that all efforts to succeed must prove abortive, he had determined to retire from the canvass; and accordingly, to use our western phrase, he 'flummuxed.' The temptation to Walpole was irresistible; 'Yes, fellow-citizens,' said he, 'you all know it takes a puppy just nine days to get his eyes open!'

Tom Marshall did nearly as well when Pilcher was haranguing about 'his father having been a poor man,—his father was a cooper,' and more of that sort of thing. Marshall said he would admit 'the gentleman's father was a poor man; perhaps he had been a cooper, but if he was, (pointing to Pilcher,) he had put a mighty poor head to one of his whiskey-barrels!"

TO BALL COMMITTEES.



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